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STEVENSON IN HAWAII

BY ELEANOR RIVENBURGH

I

THE European trail of Robert Louis Stevenson, well worn by literary guides, is familiar to those who have followed his career. The life of the novelist in Samoa has been described for us by no less gifted a pen than his own. Glimpses of the author among the islands of the South Pacific have been afforded those who have sought to follow the disconnected trail of his wanderings. Yet little has been chronicled of the distinguished writer in Hawaii, that land of sea and sunshine which gave him new strength and inspiration, and where, favoured by royalty and gratified by the love of valued friends, the author gave some of his most important work to the world.

The close friendship between the family of Robert Louis Stevenson and Mrs. Caroline Bush, of Honolulu, had its incipiency in an expedition sent in 1887 by His Hawaiian Majesty, King Kalakaua, to Samoa, when Mr. Henry Poor, a son of Mrs. Bush, became travelling companion of Mr. Joseph Strong, the son-in-law of Mrs. R. L. Stevenson. It was during the political disturbances in Samoa, when, encouraged by the support of the German trading firms, Tamasese, the rebel chief, had risen against King Malietoa.

Affairs at that time were deplorable, the islanders and Europeans both desiring some form of stable government. The King held his position by moral force alone, his name and family being traditionally revered. The officials exercised no functions and the government no authority, as it awaited in apathetic resignation some solution to the situation.

Mr. Strong, who had accompanied the expedition in the schooner *Kaimiloa,* and Mr. Poor, Secretary to the Embassy, were provided with entertainment on the voyage by the exchange of reminiscences, and almost immediately the friendship between them was established. Upon the arrival of the vessel at Apia a cottage was engaged, the two companions sharing it for several months till their return together to Hawaii.

Thereupon Mr. Strong and his wife, who had remained in Honolulu, became the house guests of Mrs. Caroline Bush, through whose social prestige they not only were introduced to court life, but later became favourites of King Kalakaua.

On the 24th of January, 1889, the yacht *Casco* arrived after a long and rough voyage from Tahiti. The vessel was boarded off the harbour by Mr. and Mrs. Strong, and the party, met by

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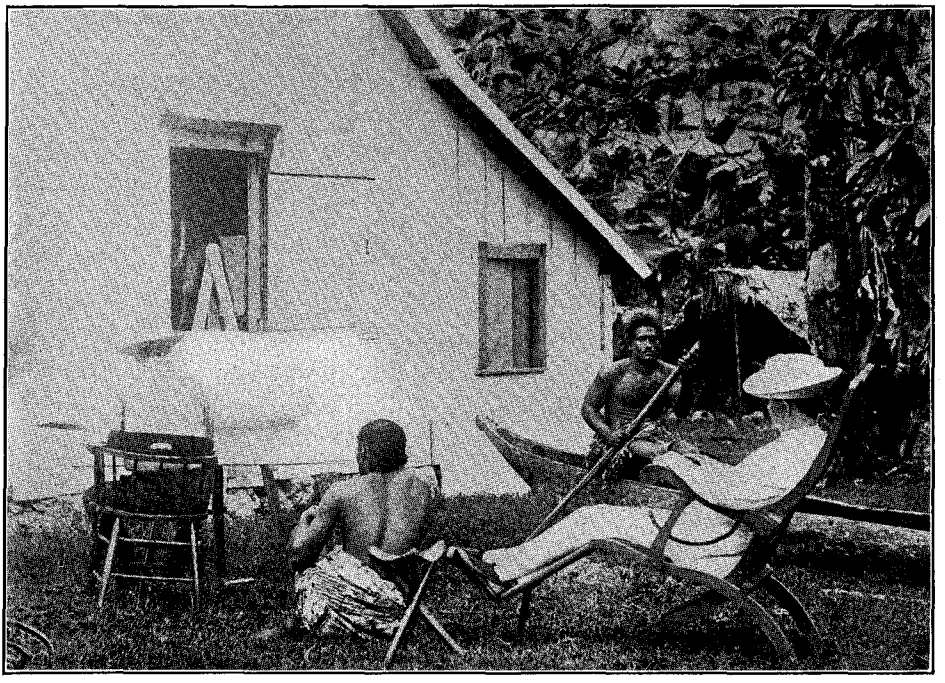

THE COTTAGE AT SAMOA. MR. JOSEPH STRONG, SON-IN-LAW OF MRS. R. L. STEVENSON, IS SEATED AT THE EASEL. IN THE STEAMER-CHAIR IS MR. HENRY POOR, SON OF MRS. CAROLINE BUSH, A CLOSE FRIEND OF THE STEVENSON FAMILY AND SECRETARY OF THE HAWAIIAN EMBASSY TO SAMOA

Mr. Poor on their arrival at the dock, were driven directly to the home of his mother, whose invitation they had accepted.

This old house, still standing, though fated to be supplanted in the near future by a more modern dwelling, attracts but an indifferent glance from those unfamiliar with the past when its doors swung wide in open-hearted hospitality. It now adjoins a pretentious hostelry, to which it bears an humble contrast in its old-fashioned garden of tropical trees.

Manuia,* the beach residence of Mr. Poor, was placed at once at the disposal of the Stevenson family, who proceeded without delay to take up their quarters in the pretty cottage at Waikiki.

Mr. Stevenson's call upon His Majesty, King Kalakaua, having been returned—the *Casco* and *Nyanza,* lying alongside, being beautifully dressed with flags for the occasion—the author and his family became the incentive for a "luau" given in their honour by Mr. Poor.

This was an elaborate and typically Hawaiian feast. A large fine mat had been spread on the floor in the living-room, the guests being seated around it. For days the forest uplands had been searched for the fragrant foliage of wild ginger and fronds of the "palapalai," or mountain fern. These plants, at that time rare, are now quite extinct in the islands of Hawaii, and it was only after a diligent quest that a sufficient quantity was secured.

A congenial group gathered on this festive occasion, His Majesty, King David Kalakaua, and Her Royal Highness, Princess Liliuokalani, his sister, being numbered with the guests.

The old-fashioned "luau," which has disappeared with those Hawaiians whose

*Samoan word meaning "welcome."

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MANUIA, THE BEACH RESIDENCE OF MR. HENRY POOR. THIS COTTAGE WAS PLACED BY THE OWNER AT THE DISPOSAL OF THE STEVENSON FAMILY, WHO TOOK UP THEIR QUARTERS THERE IMMEDIATELY UPON THEIR ARRIVAL IN HAWAII

culinary skill made possible its achievement, was a feature of island hospitality to delight the memory, and for that given at Manuia both land and sea had yielded their choicest delicacies.

Bundles of "ti"* leaves, untied by the guests, offered their steaming aroma of chicken cooked with cocoanut, roast pork, laulau,† mullet, tuna and clams. There were many dainties of limu,‡ sea eggs flavoured with rock salt pounded into roasted kukuinuts, puddings of baked sweet potatoes, or taro, and cocoanut cream, with here and there a calabash of poi.§ This feast, with its inviting fragrance of food cooked underground, its perfume of tropical plants, the music of a Hawaiian quintette, the hulas (native dances) by maidens in grass skirts, and the stately waving of kahilis,¶ deeply impressed the visitors in contrast to the more simple order of the Polynesians.

After the royal toasts had been acknowledged and the merriment of the guests had for the moment subsided, Robert Louis Stevenson, drawing from the pocket of his coat a small packet, presented to the King a golden pearl, reading the lines by which it was accompanied:

The Silver Ship,** my King,—that was her name
In the bright Islands whence your fathers came;
The Silver Ship, at rest from winds and tides,
Below your palace in your harbour rides,

*A tropical plant.

†Pork, beef and salmon cooked together.

‡Edible seaweed.

§The staple food of the Hawaiians, a glutinous substance of pounded taro, slightly fermented.

¶Feathered staves used in all royal ceremonials.

**Called "Silver Ship" because, being painted grey, it looked like silver when sailing into the harbour at twilight. A native appellation.

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THE "LUAU" AT MANUIA, GIVEN IN HONOUR OF THE STEVENSONS BY MR. POOR—A TYPICALLY HAWAIIAN FEAST. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT SEATED: MR. LLOYD OSBOURNE, MR. STEVENSON, HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS LILIUOKALANI, HIS MAJESTY KING KALAKAUA, MRS. THOMAS STEVENSON ("MOTHER"), MRS. JOSEPH STRONG, MR. JAMES ROBERTSON, CHAMBERLAIN TO THE KING

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And the seafarers, sitting safe on shore,
Like eager merchants count their treasures o'er;
One gift they find, one strange and lovely thing,
Now doubly precious, since it pleased a king;
The right, my liege, is ancient as the lyre,
For bards to give to kings what kings admire;
'Tis mine to offer, for Apollo's sake,
And since the gift is fitting, yours to take;
To golden hands the golden pearl I bring,
The ocean jewel to the Island King.

The home of Mrs. Charles A. K. Hopkins, the daughter of Mrs. Bush, who was a child during the visits of Robert Louis Stevenson to Honolulu, is replete with mementoes of the author and his Hawaiian associations.

On each side of the entrance one is shown the "kahilis" which were waved above His Majesty and Mr. Stevenson on the occasion of the feast at Manuia. The feathered staff to-day is a rare relic of the past régime, and these two "kahilis," with their plumage of black and white feathers mounted above deep handles of cut ivory inlaid with mother-of-pearl and elaborately hand-carved tortoise shell, are especially interesting and attractive.

Surmounting a pedestal, and highly polished with native oils, is the silver-mounted calabash of koa from which King Kalakaua and Mr. Stevenson shared their poi, while on the walls are numerous portraits and enlargements of pictures taken at the time by Mr. Strong.

Mrs. Hopkins, in recalling her recollections of the author, took issue with the assertion that he was not particularly fond of children.

"Mr. Stevenson was so wonderfully sweet and kind to us," she said, "I remember him distinctly in his white flannels, velveteen jacket, loose shirt and flowing tie. At first my playmates were in awe of a figure so unusual, and I wondered why he wore his hair so long. But we were, nevertheless, attracted to him, and hovered near him whenever opportunity afforded.

"As a child I fear my impressions of my distinguished friend were coloured by considerations other than his lovable character. I often sat upon his knee, listening to his fairy tales of Hawaii, which so completely possessed me that at their conclusion I would timidly reach up and touch him to assure myself of his reality.

"There are two occasions when the author impressed me with his appreciation of the sentiments of children. One of these was at a birthday party given for me by Mr. Stevenson. We had been playing musical games on the lawn—introduced for the first time in Hawaii—when Harry Byng, who had but recently arrived, passed along the road with his trained bear.

"To the delight of the children, who were eager to see the performance, our host summoned the man into the grounds. It was a dancing bear that at the end of his act had been taught to pass his master's hat around. Mr. Stevenson must have anticipated this feature toward the conclusion of the dance, for I remember that he approached all the little children in turn, giving to each of us a few coins, that none might feel embarrassment at being unable to respond.

"The other occasion which I recall," concluded Mrs. Hopkins, "was one afternoon when I passed down Fort Street on my way from school. I was with several of my friends when I recognised Mr. Stevenson. I do not remember that which led to the suggestion, but a few minutes later we were all crossing the street and heading straight for Thrum's, a shop where books and toys were offered for sale. Once within, we were bidden to make our choice, and a merry time we had of it. But finally we had all decided on our preferences, and passed out of the shop, each child carrying home a reminder of our benefactor's generosity."

Another instance of Mr. Stevenson's love of childhood is seen in the affec-

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THE LITTLE PRINCESS KAIULANI, DAUGHTER OF GOVERNOR CLEGHORN AND HIS WIFE, PRINCESS LIKE-LIKE. HER DEPARTURE FOR SCHOOL IN ENGLAND WAS MADE EASIER FOR HER TO BEAR BY STEVENSON'S SPLENDID TALES OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE THAT HE TOLD TO HER UNDER THE GREAT BANYAN TREE IN FRONT OF HER HOME

tionate regard in which the writer held Princess Kaiulani. This child, daughter of Governor Cleghorn and Princess Like-like, had begun preparations for her departure to a school in England when the novelist and his family arrived, but at the end of the four months that intervened they were bound by ties of friendship.

After the death of her mother the little maid had lived with her father and the attendants of the household, in the seclusion of her home at Ainahau, an old mansion lost in the tropical forest by which it was surrounded. Here, in the late afternoon, when the quiet was broken only by the cry of the peacocks piercing the grove with their strident

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A "POI" FEAST. POI IS THE STAPLE FOOD OF THE HAWAIIANS, A GLUTINOUS SUBSTANCE OF POUNDED TARO, SLIGHTLY FERMENTED. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: MR. STEVENSON, HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS LILIUOKALANI, HIS MAJESTY KING KALAKAUA, MRS. R. L. STEVENSON

note, and the voices of birds pulsated through the thicket, the little maid, at the approach of a familiar figure down the long drive, would hasten forward with a smile of welcome, to walk back with her hand in that of her friend. And under the great banyan tree before the portals of the house, where often the comrades of Governor Cleghorn gathered for tea, the child would listen to splendid tales of travel and adventure invented for her by Robert Louis Stevenson, who sought thus to inspire her timid heart with courage, and to blunt the keen unhappiness she felt at the prospect of separation from her father.

It was then that, moved by his affection for the child, Mr. Stevenson wrote for her the following verse:

Forth from her land to mine she goes,
The island maid, the island rose,
Light of heart and bright of face;
The daughter of a double race.
Her islands here, in southern sun,
Shall mourn their Kaiulani gone,
And I, in her dear banyan's shade,
Look vainly for my little maid.
But our Scots islands far away
Shall glitter with unwonted day,
And cast for once their tempests by
To smile in Kaiulani's eye.

"Written in April to Kaiulani, in the April of her age, and at Waikiki, within easy walk of Kaiulani's banyan. When she comes to my land and her father's and the rain beats upon the window (as I fear it will) let her look at this page; it will be like a weed gathered and pressed at home, and she will remember her own islands, and the shadow of the mighty tree, and she will hear the peacocks screaming in the dusk and she will think of her father sitting there alone."—R. L. S.

But many changes were fated to occur.

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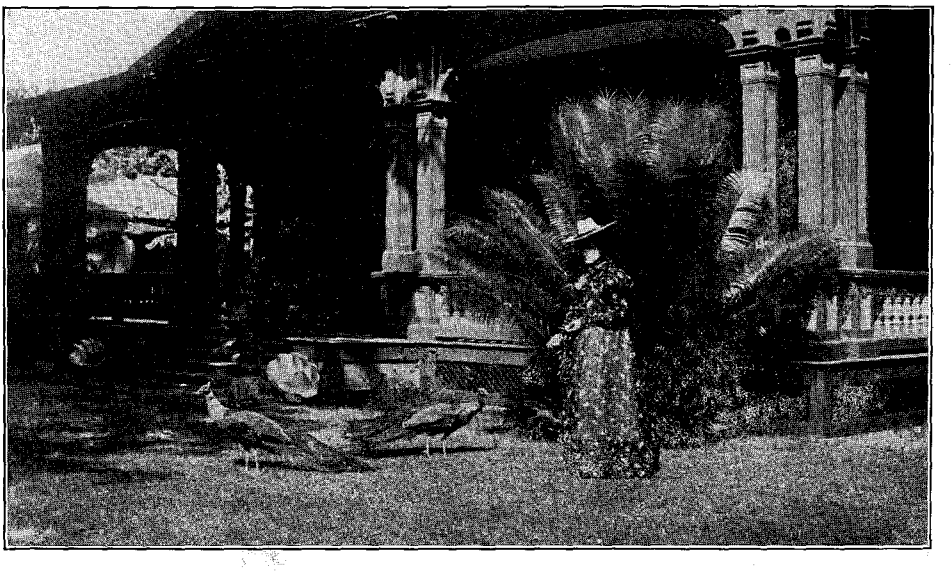

PRINCESS KAIULANI ON HER RETURN FROM ENGLAND, WHERE SHE HAD BEEN EDUCATED TO ASSUME THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF ROYALTY. HER HOPES PERISHED WITH THE HOPES OF HER PEOPLE

The child, educated to assume the responsibilities of royalty, returned to her native land, where her young life, blossoming into womanhood, withered in the bud and perished with the hopes of her people; where her father, grieving in the sunset of his years, meditated in his loneliness on the uprooting of the old traditions and the passing of his most cherished dreams.

The estate of Governor Cleghorn, bequeathed to the government for a public park at his death, some years ago, and rejected by reason of certain conditions included in the will, was later converted into a family hotel, and the tract, now on the market as bungalow sites, has been completely despoiled of its historical associations.

The necessity for retirement and work on the part of Mr. Stevenson weighed heavily upon him, and the frequent interruptions to which he was subjected at Manuia—always inviting to the passer-by with its rustic garden-house and its informal cup of tea—led the author to determine upon a reception day, when he and his family would be at home to friends. At the same time an offer of securing the adjoining residence of Mr. Frank Brown was presented to Mr. Stevenson, who prepared forthwith to move into the new quarters, with its comfortable house, its cottages and spacious lawns.

One morning, before the departure of her guests, Mrs. Bush, who had been spending the week-end at the beach, was confronted, on awakening, by a heap of birthday gifts on her dressing-table, including a remembrance from every member of the Stevenson family. The token from the author, a trifle appreciated at the time, has long since been forgotten, but the typewritten lines over his signature by which it was introduced are remembered still with grateful affection, for, on folded pages of correspondence paper, faded and crumpled from tender handling, which are graciously brought out for the inspection of visitors, the following verses appear:

Dear lady, tapping at your door
Some little verses stand,
And beg on this auspicious day
To come and kiss your hand;

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Their syllables all counted right,
  Their rhymes each in its place,
Like birthday children at the door,
  They want to see your face.

Rise, lady, rise and let them in,
  Fresh from the fairy shore;
They bring you things you wish to have,
  Each in its pinafore.
For they have been to Wishing Land
  This morning in the dew,
And all your dearest wishes bring,
  All granted home to you.

What these may be they would not tell,
  And could not if they would;
They take the packets sealed to you
  As trusted servants should;
But there was one that looked like love,
  And one that smelt like health,
And one that had a jingling sound,
  I fancy might be wealth.

Ah, well, they are but wishes still;
  But, lady dear, for you
I know that all you wish is kind;
  I pray it all come true.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

One of the gifts most treasured by Mrs. Bush was a dress pattern of handsome black brocade, presented to her by Mr. Stevenson's mother. It was only on the rarest occasions during her life that Mrs. Bush could be persuaded to wear the gown, and in the fulfilment of her wish she was laid away in it on her death in 1915.

Although the residence of Mr. Brown, where the Stevensons lived in Honolulu, afterward became the property of the late Judge Hart when the site was subdivided, the houses that sheltered the author and his family have undergone

STILL STANDING ON EMMA STREET, HONOLULU, IS THE HOME OF MRS. CAROLINE BUSH. IT NOW ADJOINS A PRETENTIOUS HOSTELRY TO WHICH IT BEARS A HUMBLE CONTRAST IN ITS OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN OF TROPICAL TREES. IT WAS MRS. BUSH WHOSE HOSPITALITY AND SOCIAL PRESTIGE INTRODUCED MR. AND MRS. STRONG TO COURT LIFE

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AN EVENING WITH A FELLOW SCOT. MR. MC PHERSON OF THE KILAUEA PLANTATION IS TELLING A FUNNY STORY. THIS IS THE INTERIOR OF THE COTTAGE IN HAWAII, WHERE MR. STEVENSON HAD SPENT THIS ENTIRE DAY AT WORK UPON A MANUSCRIPT

few alterations. The outbuildings have been moved, fences now separating them from the main building, but the general appearance is unchanged.

At that time there were two cottages in the grounds, the one near the beach being used by Mr. Strong as a studio, the other, facing the road, becoming the hermitage of Mr. Stevenson. This cottage consisted of but one room, rustic and charming without, covered with a flowering passion-vine in its grove of oleanders, but humble indeed within, with newspapers pasted over white plaster and cracks impossible of concealment.

It was here, often indisposed and confined to his cot, that the author wrote the closing chapters of *The Master of Ballantrae;* here that his closest friends, dropping in of an evening, often glimpsed him through the broken window, chatting gayly to some fellow Scot or playfully "tooling" on a flageolet, his evening paper open on his knees.

These were quiet days for Robert Louis Stevenson. His delicate health steadily improved in the restful atmosphere of his Waikiki home, sheltered from intrusion, but open always to friends, who, driving by, frequently dropped in for a sociable hour. Perhaps it would be some warm afternoon—the author having left his workshop for the more comfortable shade of the lanai*—that some welcome guest would find him, listening in detached silence, pencil in hand, to the chit-chat of his family. Or it might be during an evening of music, when he who happened in would be expected to contribute his share of the entertainment.

On such an evening, after a merry little dinner at the Stevenson home, Professor Scott, an exceedingly amiable but

*The al fresco living-room of the family, decorated with hanging-baskets and tropical plants in great profusion, was one of the most attractive features of the old-fashioned homes of Honolulu.

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AN EVENING OF MUSIC AT THE STEVENSON HOME. THE PARTY HAD HAD A MERRY LITTLE DINNER AT WHICH PROFESSOR SCOTT WAS PRESENTED WITH A PENNY WHISTLE FOR THE ORCHESTRA. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, STANDING: PROFESSOR M. M. SCOTT, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TOKIO, MR. LLOYD OSBOURNE, CAPTAIN OTIS OF THE YACHT *Casco,* AND MR. HENRY POOR. SEATED: MR. STEVENSON, MRS. STEVENSON, MRS. JOSEPH STRONG AND "MOTHER" STEVENSON

august gentleman, calling on the author, suddenly found himself hailed by the assembled guests as the missing member of their orchestra, and, accepting the penny whistle proffered him, proceeded to provide more fun than music to delight his appreciative audience.

"It was when I was teaching in the University of Tokio that I first became personally interested in Robert Louis Stevenson," said Professor Scott in a recent interview, "when one of my friends, remarking that he had been a classmate of the author at the University of Edinburgh, entertained me for the greater part of an evening by recounting incidents in Stevenson's career.

"Some years later in Honolulu my wife and I became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Strong. They had engaged a cottage in our neighbourhood, and as we found them exceedingly clever and interesting, we soon became the best of friends. It was in our home that Mrs. Strong spent most of her time during her husband's absence in Samoa, and it was she who, after the arrival of the *Casco,* presented us to her step-father, Mr. Stevenson.

"I shall never forget the pleasant hours I spent thereafter over the tea-cups with the family. They were so original and so interesting! Mother Stevenson I recall with particular delight, so prim a figure in her black silk gown and widow's bonnet, silently sewing or knitting, in perfect unconcern in the midst of their playful pranks.

"I recall, too, one evening," continued Professor Scott, "when, in a discussion with Mr. Stevenson about the poem he had written for His Majesty, I made bold to remark that, although he might have conceived it as original, the idea of the golden hands of the King, whence in the old days all bounty was

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supposed to flow, seemed suggestive to me of the Anglo-Saxon poems.

"But at this his fine eyes burned.

"'Why, man,' he exclaimed, leaning forward in genuine surprise, 'I never read a single line of Anglo-Saxon poetry in my life!'

"And in the laughter that followed the writer joined as heartily as the rest."

(*To be continued.*)

EVENSONG

BY NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR

O SHEPHERDS' Piping, herald of the Night
Who comes with Silence up the coloured vale,
Treading how gently, clad in greyish white;
Poignantly, Piping, sound your reedy wail!
For Day departed moves in funeral train
Tended by Twilight, and, in deepest rose,
The splendid Sunset melts beneath the main
While sweet the sea-wind with cool softness blows.
As when a mother gathers to her breast
A child who frets for Day's remembered smart,
Now light fades quickly in the ashen west,
And Night-peace falls across my troubled heart.
Flutes, for the night through let my mind be still,
And God keep safe with Him my stubborn will!

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THE ADVANCE OF ENGLISH POETRY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

PART I

Meaning of the word "advance"—the present widespread interest in poetry—the spiritual warfare—Henley and Thompson—Thomas Hardy a prophet in literature—"The Dynasts"—his atheism—his lyrical power—Kipling the Victorian—his future possibilities—Robert W. Service.

ALTHOUGH English poetry of the twentieth century seems distinctly inferior to the poetry of the Victorian epoch, for in England there is no one equal to Tennyson or Browning, and in America no one equal to Poe, Emerson, or Whitman, still it may fairly be said that we can discern an advance in English poetry not wholly to be measured either by the calendar and the clock, or by sheer beauty of expression. I should not like to say that Joseph Conrad is a greater writer than Walter Scott; and yet in *The Nigger of the Narcissus* there is an intellectual sincerity, a profound psychological analysis, a resolute intention to discover and to reveal the final truth concerning the children of the sea, that one would hardly expect to find in the works of the wonderful Wizard. Shakespeare was surely a greater poet than Wordsworth; but the man of the Lakes, with the rich inheritance of two centuries, had a capital of thought unpossessed by the great dramatist, which, invested by his own genius, enabled him to draw returns from nature undreamed of by his mighty predecessor. Wordsworth was not great enough to have written *King Lear;* and Shakespeare was not late enough to have written *Tintern Abbey*. Every poet lives in his own time, has a share in its scientific and philosophical advance, and his individuality is coloured by his experience. Even if he take a Greek myth for a subject, he will regard it and treat it in the light of the day when he sits down at his desk, and addresses himself to the task of composition. It is absurd to call the Victorians old-fashioned or out of date; they were as intensely modern as we, only their modernity is naturally not ours.

A great work of art is never old-fashioned; because it expresses in final form some truth about human nature, and human nature never changes—in comparison with its primal elements, the mountains are ephemeral. A drama dealing with the impalpable human soul is more likely to stay true than a treatise on geology. This is the notable advantage that works of art have over works of science, the advantage of being and remaining true. No matter how important the contribution of scientific books, they are alloyed with inevitable error, and after the death of their authors must be constantly revised by lesser men, improved by smaller minds; whereas the masterpieces of poetry, drama and fiction cannot be revised, because they are always true. The latest edition of a work of science is the most valuable; of literature, the earliest.

Apart from the natural and inevitable advance in poetry that every year witnesses, we are living in an age characterised both in England and in America by a remarkable advance in poetry as a vital influence. Earth's oldest inhabitants probably cannot remember a time when there were so many poets in activity, when so many books of poems were not only read, but bought and

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sold, when poets were held in such high esteem, when so much was written and published about poetry, when the mere forms of verse were the theme of such hot debate. There are thousands of minor poets, but poetry has ceased to be a minor subject. Anyone mentally alive cannot escape it. Poetry is in the air, and everybody is catching it. Some American magazines are exclusively devoted to the printing of contemporary poems; anthologies are multiplying, not "Keepsakes" and "Books of Gems," but thick volumes representing the bumper crop of the year. Many poets are reciting their poems to big, eager, enthusiastic audiences, and the atmosphere is charged with the melodies of ubiquitous minstrelsy.

The time is ripe for the appearance of a great poet. A vast audience is gazing expectantly at a stage crowded with subordinate actors, waiting for the Master to appear. The Greek dramatists were sure of their public; so were the Russian novelists; so were the German musicians. The "conditions" for poetry are now perfect in England and in America. We have got everything except the Genius. And the paradox is that although the Genius may arise out of happy conditions, he may not; he may come like a thief in the night. The contrast between public interest in poetry in 1917 and in 1830, for an illustration, is unescapable. At that time the critics and the magazine writers assured the world that "poetry is dead." Ambitious young authors were gravely advised not to attempt anything in verse —as though youth ever listened to advice! Many critics went so far as to insist that the temper of the age was not "adapted" to poetry, that not only was there no interest in it, but that even if the Man should appear, he would find it impossible to sing in such a time and to such a coldly indifferent audience. And yet at that precise moment, Tennyson launched his "chiefly lyrical" volume, and Browning was speedily to follow.

Man is ever made humble by the facts of life; and even literary critics cannot altogether ignore them. Let us not then make the mistake of being too sure of the immediate future; nor the mistake of overestimating our contemporary poets; nor the mistake of despising the giant Victorians. Let us devoutly thank God that poetry has come into its own; that the modern poet, in public estimation, is a Hero; that no one has to apologise either for reading or for writing verse. An age that loves poetry with the passion characteristic of the twentieth century is not a flat or materialistic age. We are not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.

Whatever may be the modern attitude toward military warfare, in the world of thought and spirit this is essentially a fighting age. The old battle between the body and the soul, between Paganism and Christianity, was never so hot as now, and those who take refuge in neutrality receive contempt. Pan and Jesus Christ have never had so many followers, all volunteers. The Christians insist their Leader rose from the dead, and the followers of Pan say their god never died at all. It is significant that at the beginning of the twentieth century two English poets wrote side by side, each of whom unconsciously waged an irreconcilable conflict with the other, and each of whom speaks from the grave to-day to a great concourse of followers. These two poets did not "flourish" in the twentieth century, because the disciple of the bodily Pan was a cripple, and the disciple of the spiritual Christ was a gutter-snipe; but they both lived, lived abundantly, and wrote real poetry. I refer to William Ernest Henley, who died in 1903, and to Francis Thompson, who died in 1907.

Both Henley and Thompson loved the crowded streets of London, but they saw different visions there. Henley felt in the dust and din of the city the irresistible urge of spring, the invasion of the smell of distant meadows; the hurly-burly bearing witness to the annual conquest of Pan.

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Here in this radiant and immortal street
Lavishly and omnipotently as ever
In the open hills, the undissembling dales,
The laughing-places of the juvenile earth.
For lo! the wills of man and woman meet,
Meet and are moved, each unto each endeared
As once in Eden's prodigal bowers befel,
To share his shameless, elemental mirth
In one great act of faith, while deep and strong,
Incomparably nerved and cheered,
The enormous heart of London joys to beat
To the measures of his rough, majestic song:
The lewd, perennial, overmastering spell
That keeps the rolling universe ensphered
And life and all for which life lives to long
Wanton and wondrous and for ever well.

The *London Voluntaries* of Henley, from which the above is a fair example, may have suggested something to Vachel Lindsay both in their irregular singing quality and in the direction, borrowed from notation, which accompanies each one, *Andante con moto, Scherzando, Largo e mesto, Allegro maestoso.* Henley's Pagan resistance to Puritan morality and convention, constantly exhibited positively in his verse, and negatively in his defiant Introduction to the Works of Burns and in the famous paper on R. L. S., is the main characteristic of his mind and temperament. He was by nature a rebel—a rebel against the Anglican God and against English social conventions. He loved all fighting rebels, and one of his most spirited poems deals affectionately with our Southern Confederate soldiers, in the last days of their hopeless struggle. His most famous lyric is an assertion of the indomitable human will in the presence of adverse destiny. This trumpet blast has awakened sympathetic echoes from all sorts and conditions of men, although that creedless Christian, James Whitcomb Riley, regarded it with genial contempt, thinking that the philosophy it represented was not only futile, but dangerous, in that it ignored the deepest facts of human life. He once asked to have the poem read aloud to him, as he had forgotten its exact words, and when the reader finished impressively

> I am the Master of my fate:
> I am the Captain of my soul—

"The *hell* you are," said Riley with a laugh.

Henley is, of course, interesting not merely because of his paganism, and robust worldliness; he was a true poet, with the poet's imagination and gift of expression. He loved to take a familiar idea fixed in a familiar phrase, and write a lovely musical variation on the theme. I do not think he ever wrote anything more beautiful than his setting of the phrase "Over the hills and far away," which appealed to his memory much as the three words "Far-far-away" affected Tennyson. No one can read this little masterpiece without that wonderful sense of melody lingering in the mind after the voice of the singer is silent.

Where forlorn sunsets flare and fade
  On desolate sea and lonely sand,
Out of the silence and the shade
  What is the voice of strange command
Calling you still, as friend calls friend
  With love that cannot brook delay,
To rise and follow the ways that wend
  Over the hills and far away?

Hark in the city, street on street
  A roaring reach of death and life,
Of vortices that clash and fleet
  And ruin in appointed strife,
Hark to it calling, calling clear,
  Calling until you cannot stay
From dearer things than your own most dear
  Over the hills and far away.

Out of the sound of ebb and flow,
  Out of the sight of lamp and star,
It calls you where the good winds blow,
  And the unchanging meadows are:
From faded hopes and hopes agleam,
  It calls you, calls you night and day
Beyond the dark into the dream
  Over the hills and far away.

In temperament Henley was an Elizabethan. Ben Jonson might have irri-

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tated him, but he would have got along very well with Kit Marlowe. He was an Elizabethan in the spaciousness of his mind, in his robust salt-water breeziness, in his hearty, spontaneous singing, and in his deification of the human will. The English novelist, Miss Willcocks, who is completely a child of the twentieth century, has remarked, "It is by their will that we recognise the Elizabethans, by the will that drove them over the seas of passion, as well as over the seas that ebb and flow with the salt tides. . . . For, from a sensitive correspondence with environment our race has passed into another stage; it is marked now by a passionate desire for the mastery of life—a desire, spiritualised in the highest lives, materialised in the lowest, so to mould environment that the lives to come may be shaped to our will. It is this which accounts for the curious likeness in our to-day with that of the Elizabethans."

As Henley was an Elizabethan, so his brilliant contemporary, Francis Thompson was a "metaphysical," a man of the seventeenth century. Like Emerson, he is closer in both form and spirit to the mystical poets that followed the age of Shakespeare than he is to any other group or school. One has only to read Donne, Crashaw, and Vaughan to recognise the kinship. Like these three men of genius, Thompson was not only profoundly spiritual—he was aflame with religious passion. He was exalted in a mystical ecstasy, all a wonder and a wild desire. He was indubitably an inspired poet, careless of method, careless of form, careless of thought-sequences. The zeal for God's house had eaten him up. His poetry is like the burning bush, revealing God in the fire. His strange figures of speech, the molten metal of his language, the profound sincerity of his faith, have given to his poems a persuasive influence which is beginning to be felt far and wide, and which, I believe, will never die. Alfred Noyes complains that the young men of Oxford and Cambridge have forsaken Tennyson, and now read only Francis Thompson. He need not be alarmed; these young men will all come back to Tennyson, for sooner or later, everybody comes back to Tennyson. It is rather a matter for joy that Thompson's religious poetry can make the hearts of young men burn within them. Young men are right in hating conventional, empty phrases, words that have lost all hitting power, hollow forms and bloodless ceremonies. Thompson's lips were touched with a live coal from the altar.

Francis Thompson walked with God. Instead of seeking God, as so many high-minded folk have done in vain, Thompson had the real and overpowering sensation that God was seeking him. The Hound of Heaven was everlastingly after him, pursuing him with the certainty of capture. In trying to escape, he found torment; in surrender, the peace that passes all understanding. That extraordinary poem, which thrillingly describes the eager, searching love of God, like a father looking for a lost child and determined to find him, might be taken as a modern version of the one hundred and thirty-ninth psalm, perhaps the most marvellous of all religious masterpieces.

Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.
Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.
Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?
If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.
If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;
Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

The highest spiritual poetry is not that which portrays soul-hunger, the bitterness of the weary search for God; it is that which reveals an intense consciousness of the all-enveloping Divine Presence. Children do not seek the love of their parents; they can-

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not escape its searching, eager, protecting power. We know how Dr. Johnson was affected by the lines

> Quærens me sedisti lassus
> Redemisti crucem passus
> Tantus labor non sit passus.

Francis Thompson's daily walks by day and by night had magnificent company. In the country, in the streets of London, he was attended by seraphim and cherubim. The heavenly visions were more real to him than London Bridge. Just as when we travel far from those we love, we are intensely aware of their presence, and know that their affection is a greater reality than the scenery from the train window, so Thompson would have it that the angels were all about us. They do not live in some distant Paradise, the only gate to which is death —they are here now, and their element is the familiar atmosphere of earth.

Shortly after he died, there was found among his papers a bit of manuscript verse, called "In No Strange Land." Whether it was a first draft which he meant to revise, or whether he intended it for publication, we cannot tell; but despite the roughnesses of rhythm—which take us back to some of Donne's shaggy and splendid verse—the thought is complete. It is one of the great poems of the twentieth century, and expresses the essence of Thompson's religion.

"IN NO STRANGE LAND"

O world invisible, we view thee:
O world intangible, we touch thee:
O world unknowable, we know thee:
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
The eagle plunge to find the air,
That we ask of the stars in motion
If they have rumour of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumbed conceiving soars:
The drift of pinions, would we harken,
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places—
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
Cry; and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
Cry, clinging heaven by the hems:
And lo, Christ walking on the water,
Not of Genesareth, but Thames!

There is a man of genius living in England to-day who has been writing verse for nearly sixty years, but who received no public recognition as a poet until the twentieth century. This man is Thomas Hardy. He has the double distinction of being one of the great Victorian novelists, and one of the most notable poets of the twentieth century. At nearly eighty years of age, he is in full intellectual vigour, enjoys a creative power in verse that we more often associate with youth, and writes poetry that in matter and manner belongs distinctly to our time. He could not possibly be omitted from any survey of contemporary production.

As is so commonly the case with distinguished novelists, Thomas Hardy practised verse before prose. From 1860 to 1870 he wrote many poems, some of which appear among the Love Lyrics in *Time's Laughingstocks,* 1909. Then he began a career in prose fiction which has left him to-day without a living rival in the world. In 1898, with the volume called *Wessex Poems,* embellished with illustrations from his own hand, he challenged criticism as a professional poet. The moderate but definite success of this collection emboldened him to produce in 1901, *Poems of the Past and Present.* In 1904, 1906, 1908, were issued successively the three parts of *The Dynasts,* a thoroughly original and greatly planned epical drama of the Napoleonic wars. This was followed by two books of verse, *Time's Laughingstocks* in 1909, and *Satires of Circumstance,* 1914; and he is a familiar

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and welcome guest in contemporary magazines.

Is it possible that when, at the close of the nineteenth century, Thomas Hardy formally abandoned prose for verse, he was either consciously or subconsciously aware of the coming renaissance of poetry? Certainly his change in expression had more significance than an individual caprice. It is a notable fact that the present poetic revival, wherein are enlisted so many enthusiastic youthful volunteers, should have had as one of its prophets and leaders a veteran of such power and fame. Perhaps Mr. Hardy would regard his own personal choice as no factor; the Immanent and Unconscious Will had been busy in his mind, for reasons unknown to him, unknown to man, least of all known to Itself. Leslie Stephen once remarked, "The deepest thinker is not really—though we often use the phrase—in advance of his day so much as in the line along which advance takes place."

Looking backward from the year 1917, we may see some new meaning in the spectacle of two modern leaders in fiction, Hardy and Meredith, each preferring as a means of expression poetry to prose, each thinking his own verse better than his novels, and each writing verse that in substance and manner belongs more to the twentieth than to the nineteenth century. Meredith always said that fiction was his kitchen wench; poetry was his Muse.

The publication of poems written when he was about twenty-five is interesting to students of Mr. Hardy's temperament, for they prove that he was then as complete, though perhaps not so philosophical a pessimist, as he is now. The present world-war may seem to him a vindication of his despair, and therefore perhaps not so shocking as to those who pray to Our Father in Heaven. He is, though I think not avowedly so, an adherent of the philosophy of Schopenhauer and von Hartmann. The primal force, from which all things proceed, is the Immanent Will. The Will is unconscious and omnipotent. It is superhuman only in power, lacking intelligence, foresight, and any sense of ethical values. In *The Dynasts,* Mr. Hardy has written an epical illustration of the doctrines of German pessimism.

Supernatural machinery and celestial inspiration have always been more or less conventional in the Epic. Ancient writers invoked the Muse. When Milton began his great task, he wished to produce something classic in form and Christian in spirit. He found an admirable solution of his problem in a double invocation—first of the Heavenly Muse of Mount Sinai, second, of the Holy Spirit. In the composition of *In Memoriam,* Tennyson knew that an invocation of the Muse would give an intolerable air of artificiality to the poem; he therefore, in the introductory stanzas, offered up a prayer to the Son of God. Now it was impossible for Mr. Hardy to make any use of Greek Deities, or of Jehovah, or of any revelation of God in Christ; to his mind all three equally belonged to the lumber-room of discredited and discarded myth. He believes that any conception of the Primal Force as a Personality is not only obsolete among thinking men and women, but that it is unworthy of modern thought. It is perhaps easy to mistake our own world of thought for the thought of the world.

In his Preface, written with assurance and dignity, Mr. Hardy says: "The wide prevalence of the Monistic theory of the Universe forbade, in this twentieth century, the importation of Divine personages from any antique Mythology as ready-made sources or channels of Causation, even in verse, and excluded the celestial machinery of, say, *Paradise Lost,* as peremptorily as that of the *Iliad* or the *Eddas.* And the abandonment of the masculine pronoun in allusions to the First or Fundamental Energy seemed a necessary and logical consequence of the long abandonment by thinkers of the anthropomorphic conception of the same." Accordingly he arranged a group of Phantom Intelli-

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gences that at once supply adequately a Chorus and a philosophical basis for his world-drama.

Like Browning in the original preface to *Paracelsus,* our author expressly disclaims any intention of writing a play for the stage. It is "intended simply for mental performance," and "Whether mental performance alone may not eventually be the fate of all drama other than that of contemporary or frivolous life, is a kindred question not without interest." The question has been since answered in another way than that implied, not merely by the success of community drama, but by the actual production of *The Dynasts* on the London stage under the direction of the brilliant and audacious Granville Barker. I would have given much to have witnessed this experiment, which Mr. Barker insists was strikingly successful.

Whether *The Dynasts* will finally take a place among the world's masterpieces of literature or not, must of course be left to future generations to decide. Two things are clear. The publication of the second and third parts distinctly raised public opinion of the work as a whole, and now that it is ten years old, we know that no man on earth except Mr. Hardy could have written it. To produce this particular work required a poet, a prose master, a dramatist, a philosopher, and an architect. Mr. Hardy is each and all of the five, and by no means least an architect. The plan of the whole thing, in one hundred and thirty scenes, which seemed at first confused, now appears in retrospect orderly; and the projection of the various geographical scenes is thoroughly architectonic.

If the work fails to survive, it will be because of its low elevation on the purely literary side. In spite of occasional powerful phrases, as

> What corpse is curious on the longitude
> And situation of his cemetery!

the verse as a whole wants beauty of tone and felicity of diction. It is more like a map than a painting. One has only to recall the extraordinary charm of the Elizabethans to understand why so many pages in *The Dynasts* arouse only an intellectual interest. But no one can read the whole drama without an immense respect for the range and the grasp of the author's mind. Furthermore, every one of its former admirers ought to reread it in 1917. The present world war gives to this Napoleonic epic an acute and prophetic interest nothing short of astounding.

A considerable number of Mr. Hardy's poems are concerned with the idea of God, apparently never far from the author's mind. I suppose he thinks of God every day. Yet his faith is the opposite of that expressed in the "Hound of Heaven"—in few words, it seems to be, "Resist the Lord, and He will flee from you." Mr. Hardy is not content with banishing God from the realm of modern thought; he is not content merely with killing Him; he means to give Him a decent burial, with fitting obsequies. And there is a long procession of mourners, some of whom are both worthy and distinguished. In the interesting poem, "God's Funeral," written in 1908-1910, which begins

> I saw a slowly stepping train—
> Lined on the brows, scoop-eyed and bent and hoar—
> Following in files across a twilit plain
> A strange and mystic form the foremost bore

the development of the conception of God through human history is presented with great skill in concision. He was man-like at first, then an amorphous cloud, then endowed with mighty wings, then jealous, fierce, yet long-suffering and full of mercy.

> And, tricked by our own early dream
> And need of solace, we grew self-deceived,
> Our making soon our maker did we dream,
> And what we had imagined we believed.

> Till, in Time's stayless stealthy swing,
> Uncompromising rude reality
> Mangled the Monarch of our fashioning,

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Who quavered, sank; and now has ceased
to be.

Among the mourners is no less a person than the poet himself, for in former years—perhaps as a boy—he, too, had worshipped, and therefore he has no touch of contempt for those who still believe.

I could not prop their faith: and yet
Many I had known: with all I sympathised;
And though struck speechless, I did not
forget
That what was mourned for, I, too, once
had prized.

In the next stanza, the poet's oft-expressed belief in the wholesome, antiseptic power of pessimism is reiterated, together with a hint, that when we have once and for all put God in His grave, some better way of bearing life's burden will be found, because the new way will be based upon hard fact.

Still, how to bear such loss I deemed
The insistent question for each animate mind,
And gazing, to my growing sight there
seemed
A pace yet positive gleam low down behind,

Whereof, to lift the general night,
A certain few who stood aloof had said,
"See you upon the horizon that small light—
Swelling somewhat?" Each mourner shook
his head.

And they composed a crowd of whom
Some were right good, and many nigh the
best. . . .
Thus dazed and puzzled 'twixt the gleam
and gloom
Mechanically I followed with the rest.

This pale gleam takes on a more vivid hue in a poem written shortly after "God's Funeral," called "A Plaint to Man," where God remonstrates with man for having created Him at all, since His life was to be so short and so futile:

And to-morrow the whole of me disappears,
The truth should be told, and the fact be
faced
That had best been faced in earlier years:
The fact of life with dependence placed
On the human heart's resource alone,
In brotherhood bonded close and graced
With loving-kindness fully blown,
And visioned help unsought, unknown.

Other poems that express what is and what ought to be the attitude of man toward God are "New Year's Eve," "To Sincerity," and the beautiful lyric, "Let Me Enjoy," where Mr. Hardy has been more than usually successful in fashioning both language and rhythm into a garment worthy of the thought. No one can read "The Impercipient" without recognising that Mr. Hardy's atheism is as honest and as sincere as the religious faith of a nun, and that no one regrets the blankness of his universe more than he. He would believe if he could.

Pessimism is the basis of all his verse, as it is of his prose. It is expressed not merely philosophically in poems of ideas, but over and over again concretely in poems of incident. He is a pessimist both in fancy and in fact, and after reading some of our sugary "glad" books, I find his bitter taste rather refreshing. The titles of his most recent collections, *Time's Laughingstocks* and *Satires of Circumstance,* sufficiently indicate the ill fortune awaiting his personages. At his best, his lyrics written in the minor key have a noble, solemn adagio movement. At his worst—for like all poets, he is sometimes at his worst—the truth of life seems rather obstinately warped. Why should legitimate love necessarily bring misery, and illegitimate passion produce such permanent happiness? And in the piece, "Ah, are you digging on my grave?" pessimism approaches a *reductio ad absurdum.*

Dramatic power, which is one of its author's greatest gifts, is frequently finely revealed. After reading "A Tramp-woman's Tragedy," one unhesitatingly accords Mr. Hardy a place among the English writers of ballads. For this is a genuine ballad, in story, in diction, and in vigour.

Yet, as a whole, and in spite of Mr.

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Hardy's love of the dance and of dance music, his poetry lacks grace of movement. His war poem, "Men Who March Away," is singularly halting and awkward. His complete poetical works are interesting because they proceed from an interesting mind. His range of thought, both in reminiscence and in speculation, is immensely wide; his power of concentration recalls that of Browning.

I have thought sometimes, and thought long and hard,
I have stood before, gone round a serious thing,
Tasked my whole mind to touch and clasp it close,
As I stretch forth my arm to touch this bar.
God and man, and what duty I owe both,—
I dare to say I have confronted these
In thought: but no such faculty helped here.

No such faculty alone could help Mr. Hardy to the highest peaks of poetry, any more than it served Caponsacchi in his spiritual crisis. He thinks interesting thoughts, because he has an original and a profound mind. It is possible to be a great poet without possessing much intellectual wealth; just as it is possible to be a great singer, and yet be both shallow and dull. The divine gift of poetry seems sometimes as accidental as the formation of the throat. I do not believe that Tennyson was either shallow or dull; but I do not think he had anything like so good a mind as Thomas Hardy's, a mind so rich, so original, so quaint, so humourous, so sharp. Yet Tennyson was incomparably a greater poet.

The greatest poetry always transports us, and although I read and reread the Wessex poet with never-lagging attention—I find even the drawings in *Wessex Poems* so fascinating that I wish he had illustrated all his books—I am always conscious of the time and the place. I never get the unmistakable spinal chill. He has too thorough a command of his thoughts; they never possess him, and they never soar away with him. Prose may be controlled, but poetry is a possession. Mr. Hardy is too keenly aware of what he is about. In spite of the fact that he has writen verse all his life, he seldom writes unwrinkled song. He is, in the last analysis, a master of prose who has learned the technique of verse, and who now chooses to express his thoughts and his observations in rime and rhythm.

Rudyard Kipling is a Victorian poet, as Thomas Hardy is a Victorian novelist. When Tennyson died in 1892, the world, with approximate unanimity, chose the young man from the East as his successor, and for twenty-five years he has been the Laureate of the British Empire in everything but the title. In the eighteenth century, when Gray regarded the offer of the Laureateship as an insult, Mr. Alfred Austin might properly have been appointed; but after the fame of Southey, and the mighty genius of Wordsworth and of Tennyson, it was cruel to put Alfred the Little in the chair of Alfred the Great. It was not an insult to Austin, but an insult to Poetry. With the elevation of the learned and amiable Dr. Bridges in 1913, the public ceased to care who holds the office. This eminently respectable appointment silenced both applause and opposition. We can only echo the language of Gray's letter to Mason, 19 December, 1757: "I interest myself a little in the history of it, and rather wish somebody may accept it that will retrieve the credit of the thing, if it be retrievable, or ever had any credit. . . . The office itself has always humbled the professor hitherto (even in an age when kings were somebody), if he were a poor writer by making him more conspicuous, and if he were a good one by setting him at war with the little fry of his own profession, for there are poets little enough to envy even a poet-laureat." Mason was willing.

Rudyard Kipling had the double qualification of poetic genius and of convinced Imperialism. He had received a formal accolade from the aged Tennyson, and could have carried on the tradition of British verse and British arms. Lord Tennyson himself was

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not more of an Imperialist than Mr. Kipling; he believed religiously, as Mr. Kipling believes, in the beneficence of British conquests. Results have often seemed to justify this faith, even though the method may not always commend itself to foreign spectators.

Walk wide o' the Widow at Windsor,
For 'alf o' Creation she owns;
We 'ave bought 'er the same with the sword an' the flame,
An' we've salted it down with our bones.
(Poor beggars!—it's blue with our bones!)
Hands off o' the sons of the Widow,
Hands off o' the goods in 'er shop,
For the Kings must come down an' the Emperors frown
When the Widow at Windsor says "Stop!"
(Poor beggars!—we're sent to say "Stop!"!)

Nor has any Laureate, in the history of the office, risen any more magnificently to an occasion than did Mr. Kipling at the sixtieth anniversary of the reign of the Queen. Each poet made his little speech in verse, and then at the close of the ceremony, came the thrilling *Recessional,* which received as instant applause from the world as if it had been spoken to an audience. In its scriptural phraseology, in its combination of haughty pride and deep contrition, in its "holy hope and high humility," it expressed with austere majesty the genius of the English race. The soul of a great poet entered immediately into the hearts of men, there to abide forever.

Rudyard Kipling's poetry is as familiar to us as the air we breathe. He is the spokesman for the Anglo-Saxon breed. His gospel of orderly energy is the inspiration of thousands of business offices; his sententious maxims are parts of current speech: the victrola has carried his singing lyrics even farther than the banjo penetrates, of which latter democratic instrument his wonderful poem is the apotheosis. And we have the word of a distinguished British major-general to prove that Mr. Kipling has actually wrought a miracle of transformation with Tommy Atkins. General Sir George Younghusband, in a recent book, *A Soldier's Memories,* says, "I had never heard the words or expressions that Rudyard Kipling's soldiers used. Many a time did I ask my brother officers whether they had ever heard them. No, never. But, sure enough, a few years after the soldiers thought, and talked, and expressed themselves exactly as Rudyard Kipling had taught them in his stories. Rudyard Kipling made the modern soldier. Other writers have gone on with the good work, and they have between them manufactured the cheery, devil-may-care, lovable person enshrined in our hearts as Thomas Atkins. Before he had learned from reading stories about himself that he, as an individual, also possessed the above attributes, he was mostly ignorant of the fact. My early recollections of the British soldier are of a bluff, rather surly person, never the least jocose or light-hearted except perhaps when he had too much beer."

This is extraordinary testimony to the power of literature—from a first-class fighting man. It is as though John Sargent should paint an inaccurate but idealised portrait, and the original should make it accurate by imitation. The soldiers were transformed by the renewing of their minds. Beholding with open face as in a glass a certain image, they were changed into the same image, by the spirit of the poet. This is certainly a greater achievement than correct reporting. It is quite possible, too, that the *officers'* attitude toward Tommy Atkins had been altered by the *Barrack-Room Ballads,* and this new attitude produced results in character.

At all events the transformation of character by discipline, cleanliness, hard work, and danger is the ever-present moral in Mr. Kipling's verse. He loves to take the raw recruit or the boyish, self-conscious, awkward subaltern, and show how he may become an efficient man, happy in the happiness that accompanies success. It is a Philistine goal,

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but one that has the advantage of being attainable. The reach of this particular poet seldom exceeds his grasp. And although thus far in his career—he is only fifty-one, and we may hope as well as remember—his best poetry belongs to the nineteenth century rather than the twentieth, so universally popular a homily as "If" indicates that he has by no means lost the power of preaching in verse. With the exception of some sad lapses, his latter poems have come nearer the earlier level of production than his stories. For that matter, from the beginning I have thought that the genius of Rudyard Kipling had more authentic expression in poetry than in prose. I therefore hope that after the war he will become one of the leaders in the advance of English poetry in the twentieth century, as he will remain one of the imperishable monuments of Victorian literature. The verse published in his latest volume of stories, *A Diversity of Creatures,* 1917, has the stamp of his original mind, and *Macdonough's Song* is impressive. I rather regret that this book also contains his English Song of Hate, to answer the imprecatory psalm from Germany. And in a poem which does not appear in this collection, but which was written at the outbreak of hostilities, Mr. Kipling was, I believe, the first to use the name *Hun*—an appellation of considerable adhesive power. Do roses stick like burrs?

His influence on other poets has of course been powerful. As Eden Phillpotts is to Thomas Hardy, so is Robert Service to Rudyard Kipling. Like Bret Harte in California, Mr. Service found gold in the Klondike. But it is not merely in his interpretation of the life of a distant country that the new poet reminds one of his great prototype; both in matter and in manner he may justly be called the Kipling of the North. His verse has an extraordinary popularity among American college undergraduates, the reasons for which are evident. They read, discuss him, and quote him with joy, and he might well be proud of the adoration of so many of our eager, adventurous, high-hearted youth. Yet, while Mr. Service is undoubtedly a real poet, his work as a whole seems a clear echo, rather than a new song. It is good, but it is reminiscent of his reading, not merely of Mr. Kipling, but of poetry in general. In "The Land God Forgot," a fine poem, beginning

> The lonely sunsets flare forlorn
> Down valleys dreadly desolate;
> The lordly mountains soar in scorn
> As still as death, as stern as fate,

the opening line infallibly brings to mind Henley's

> Where forlorn sunsets flare and fade.

The poetry of Mr. Service has the merits and the faults of the "red blood" school in fiction, illustrated by the late Jack London and the lively Rex Beach. It is not the highest form of art. It insists on being heard, but it smells of mortality. You cannot give permanence to a book by printing it in italic type.

It is indeed difficult to express in pure artistic form great primitive experiences, even with long years of intimate first-hand knowledge. No one doubts Mr. Service's accuracy or sincerity. But many men have had abundance of material, rich and new, only to find it unmanageable. Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Rudyard Kipling succeeded where thousands have failed. Think of the possibilities of Australia! And from that vast region only one great artist has spoken—Percy Grainger.

(*To be continued.*)

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PATRIOTISM: THE TWO VOICES

BY WILLIAM FORBES COOLEY

"ONE of the things hidden from the wise and prudent and revealed unto the simple minded is patriotism," said a distinguished sociologist, in introducing Major Gordon ("Ralph Connor") to an American audience. But is it a revelation—a principle from above? Or is it a survival of the clamour of the primitive human pack?

The question is not new. The substance of it is found in such different writers as Stirner and Tolstoy; but the urgency of it was never so great as today. Out of the present horror of sensitive minds over humanity's desolation; out of the defeat of our hopes for the humanisation of the nations, and our dismay as the aboriginal barbarian thrusts himself through the rent domino of civilisation, comes a great emotional reenforcement of patriotism's impeachment at the bar of reason. Is it not enough that so many men should be beasts—swine or cattle, wolves or tigers—but must some devil, or hereditary crotchet of mind, enlist the nobler portion of mankind in the hateful cause of world destruction? If only the beasts fought with one another—subjugator with subjugator, robber with robber—we might look on with a certain cynical acquiescence, as often we do at the combats on the stock exchange, feeling that a rough kind of moral purgation was going on. But it is not so, the supreme condemnation of patriotism, the accusing voice declares, is that it seduces the good even more than the evil. It deceitfully engages in the mêlée of man's undoing some of the nobler impulses of our nature—the disposition to serve one's kind, self-sacrificing devotion to an ideal, and so forth. In patriotic service of "The Fatherland" countless Germans — the good no less than the bad—must march through the shrieking, stabbing barrage and face the barking death of machine guns, while under the like patriotic urge the vanishing manhood of France, the idealist and the bully, must meet dismembering shell and smothering gas. But for patriotism, such Satanic orgies would be impossible, for most of those now so vehemently seeking each other's lives have no natural hostility. It is the traditionally sanctified cry of country which calls them forth to the evil task of mutual destruction.

Man in his fatuity has ever had a pitiful habit of enslaving himself to gods of his own creation. In our time patriotism is the most potent form of this idolatry. Our symbols are less naïve than those of ancient times; a piece of coloured bunting suffices. But the worship appears to be much the same; for, in the last analysis, what did Nebuchadnezzar's golden image, three score cubits high, or the statue of the reigning Cæsar, stand for but just the state, the state in its might and its glory, as contrasted with other and inferior peoples? Nor is it a truer worship in its modern form. As of old its actual works belie its specious claims and fair appearance. For all its pretence of love for the homeland, it is quite content in times of peace that that land should be a mere tilting ground for the adventures of greed—an arena where the strong exploit the weak, and programmes for human service and honourable dealing *on the part of the state* are pushed aside as unpractical and sentimental. It is only when the primitive instinct of combat is appealed to, and the opportunity to destroy something appears, that it awakes from its sloth and turns to action.

Such a human factor, the voice insists, bears evident earmarks of primitive impulse. It is the tribal spirit of self-maintenance surviving long after all

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justification for it. It is the narrow, exclusive interest of the clan, from the viewpoint of which the stranger is presumptively an enemy—the outlook of rude, childish men, who have not yet discovered the vast superiority of co-operative world life to isolated tribalism. It is group morality still entrenched, and excluding rational morality. At the bar of reason it stands under three-fold conviction: as an agency of *moral degeneration,* of *provincialism,* and of *political reaction.*

Of moral degeneration, because it converts respectable men and women into spies and agents of lying intrigue, and at the trump of war prompts otherwise worthy citizens to bloody and destructive deeds. The savagery of Attila is repeated in Belgium, and justified as part of the exploits of "our brave army," whereas like deeds perpetrated anywhere between the Meuse and the Memel would be inexpressibly wicked. The patriotic hero is the figure depicted in the sixty-third chapter of Isaiah, trampling the tribe's enemies in his fury and staining his raiment with their life-blood!

Nor is the provincialism of patriotism less manifest. A century of fourth of July orations pitifully exemplify it, orations the gaudy rhetoric of which reveals the narrow outlook of speakers and hearers alike. More through the conceit of patriotism than from any other cause has it come about that the United States, which has averaged over one war to a generation, has generally gone into war unprepared, and has won its ends only at a rationally shameful cost in blood and treasure. Through the same obsession of national superiority full many greatly needed improvements in politics and industry have been headed off. What call have we, the modern chosen people, to learn from the "effete monarchies"? and how absurd to think that the antipodes can suggest improvements to our superiority—the Australian system of registry of land titles, for example! Such patriotically induced provincialism is to the clear eye of reason the logical antecedent of disaster, and a major cause of intellectual, and ultimately of industrial stagnation—a mental attitude directed toward an ultimate condition like that of Spain or Turkey.

Somewhat differently, but not less really, is patriotism an agency of reaction, a subtle ally of old abuses and class oppressions. These to the patriot have the false standing of prescription, a certain tolerableness just because they are institutions of his country. To the patriotic Briton the inefficiency of the privileged classes, and the drunkenness so common in classes high and low, are not the offensive things that they should be; the glamour of "Old England" is over them. The subtle sceptre of the "Idol of the Den" sways his judgment. And if at length the popular demand for reform becomes formidable, then it is a favourite device of intrenched oppressors to raise the bogy of peril to the state, and smother the reform movement under a blind resurgence of patriotism. Witness the almost complete absorption of even the German socialists into the Hohenzollern world-dominating movement.

Is it not time to have done with this mischievous sentiment, time to ban it, along with envy and hatred and revenge, as an enemy of human welfare? Loyalty should not be directed to a part of mankind at the cost of the whole. What we need is not nationalism, but internationalism, not tribalism, however enlarged and refined, but world-wide brotherhood. It is a barbarian delusion that the real interests of any people can be permanently advanced at the cost of other peoples. The common good is the test of right conduct in collective no less than in individual behaviour. But patriotism has no place for this fundamental principle. It makes for division, and inter-group hostility, not for a world order based upon Christ's principle of mutual service. It is occupied, and never perhaps more busily than to-day,* with breaking up the rising world consciousness, and defeating the needed and

*In Austria, Russia, and the Balkans, for example, and in Ireland and South Africa.

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longed-for "parliament of the world." Therefore, away with patriotism, and in with brotherhood!

Can adequate reply to this arraignment be made, an arraignment that, with all its passion, is supported by such a body of facts? One thing should be manifest: no mere waving of flags, or singing of the national anthem; no quoting of Scott's "Lives there a man with soul so dead," is adequate reply; for that intellectually is begging the question—mere blind reassertion of the sentiment in question.

Nor will the answering voice be able, perhaps, to enter any wholesale denial as regards the results of the kind of patriotism which has been most common in the world. One serious and weighty point, however, it may make, and should make, at the outset. It is that the elimination of patriotism from human nature *in general* is a quite impossible enterprise, a Utopian remedy. The sentiment roots far too deeply in our biological structure—in instincts which are integral to the surviving human type. On the *altruistic* side it is directly traceable to the fighting partiality and self-forgetfulness of the protecting male in the higher gregarious animals, the instinctive impulse, say, of bull or ram to thrust himself forcibly between the enemy and the threatened herd. Another altruistic root—since boys are sons of their mothers and trained by them—is the tender instinct of the female, leading her to cherish and protect the object of her love. These are exceedingly primitive impulses in human nature, as is shown by their presence in the higher animals. Nor is patriotism less deeply rooted in man's *egoism,* which, despite a common uncritical opinion, is by no means a mere polite word for selfishness. A potent form of egoism is the impulse to achievement, self-enlargement, and display, and this, when socialised, is a prime root of patriotism. When, as often happens, the self-realising impulse finds its ends in the common good; when it becomes expanded and elevated, and identifying itself with the social whole, makes the group's fortunes and aims its own, then patriotism in an absorbing form is the result, patriotism as an egoistic impulse or disposition, a social enlargement and glorification of the self. Under its spell the private in the ranks, or the common man in the procession, feels himself a greater being than before, one playing a more magnificent part in the world. This, says something within him, is really living; now mighty things are possible. This stirring experience is instinctive; its appeal does not rest upon education, or the lack of it. It moves the man of brawn, and it moves the man of brain, as one may see by turning to the eleventh canto of Lowell's "Commemoration Ode." Furthermore, this sentiment, through its connection with the welfare of the group, has, by natural selection, been firmly established in human heredity. The groups which lacked it have succumbed. The groups that survived in the rude days of the past—that is, the nations of to-day—have won out in the struggle for existence just because they possessed it.

Now, is it likely that a sentiment thus ruthlessly inbred into the very fibre of the earth's present inhabitants, thus deeply rooted in primal instincts on both sides of our nature, and yielding to its possessors both the high spiritual joy of self-abasement in behalf of a recognised superior (the group), and the intoxicating sense of self-enlargement and magnified achievement—is it likely that such a sentiment will yield the field at the behest of any merely intellectual conclusion? It is exceedingly unlikely as regards the mass of mankind. All men feel, and all act on impulse; but, aside from their vocational activities, only a few men think, in the sense of guiding their conduct by reflective processes. Even so thoroughgoing a socialist as Max Eastman recognises this. Patriotism, he says, is "something that no pledge or resolution, no theory, no gospel, no poetry or philosophy of life, no culture or education, and not even your own financial interest can ever conquer."*

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This statement may, of course, be challenged as too sweeping. It certainly is conceivable that in time patriotism should be banished from the breasts of the educated classes, but, so long as men in general continue to be swayed by elemental impulses, would that be desirable, even from the internationalist's point of view? We know that many of our fellow-citizens would not appropriate our goods, even if they had every opportunity to do so with immunity, but does that knowledge make us favour the abolition of police and courts and bolted doors? The international situation appears to be much the same. With human nature constituted as it is, what would a non-patriotic people, or a divided and so feebly patriotic people, have to expect from the world—what but exploitation by peoples of ruder culture and more single purpose? Full often has this natural outcome been illustrated in the tragic experience of the race from the days when rude Sparta humiliated intellectual Athens and "macht-politik" Rome overran the Greek world. The programme of banishing patriotism from the world and replacing it by universal brotherhood thus reduces to something less, and something worse, than an "iridescent dream"; in its net upshot it is a device for facilitating the exploitation of the ethically more advanced peoples by the more unscrupulous.

The voice of criticism offers a different programme for the sentiment of patriotism, as it does for every integral constituent of human nature, religion, for example. Patriotism should be trained, not extirpated. Like human nature in general, it is neither good nor bad in itself; it has moral character only as it is directed to worthy or unworthy ends.* Its need is moralisation—uplifting, refining, and broadening. It must be converted from a *selfish* group interest into a *rational,* or moral, group interest; that is, related up in due subordination with the sentiment of the brotherhood of man. Nor does there appear to be any insuperable obstacle. Although all too often patriotism has included hostility to the foreigner as such, it need not do so.† National interests only need to be construed in high enough terms to convert the foreigner into a friendly, albeit emulative, neighbour. Only when the desires of two peoples are fixed upon the same object, and that is of limited extent—Alsace-Lorraine, for example—are they necessarily in conflict. No zealous endeavour on the part of France and Germany to be foremost in science or art or any form of human excellence —least of all any form of human service —need lead these peoples to feelings or acts of hostility. As well argue that college athletic teams must necessarily be enemies to each other. The problem of the redemption of patriotism is simply part of the problem of the moralisation of society. Once establish the common good as the true goal of all, men and nations alike, and patriotism becomes simply the ambition of a people to do a high and worthy part in the achievement of that good, to furnish for it a unique and distinctive contribution, such as no other people can duplicate. For the finer type of patriots this is already the content of the sentiment,‡ and however far at present the common run of citizens may be

*To the same effect spoke Secretary Lane in his Flag Day address in 1914: "I [the flag, *conceived* as speaking to Americans] am whatever you make me, nothing more . . . your dream of what a people may become. . . . Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment. But always I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for. . . . I am the clutch of an idea . . . the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation."

†Says Bertrand Russell: "The good at which it aims is a good for one's own nation only, not for all mankind." This is quite certainly an error as regards the higher type of patriots—can one believe it of Lincoln while reading his second inaugural?—and it does not appear that it need be true of any honest-hearted citizen.

‡Cf. Rose Pastor Stokes's words in resigning from the Women's Peace Party: "I would serve my country, but I am not a patriot. . . . I seek for this country, as for the world, the highest good. . . . I would fight or serve, if called upon . . . as an

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from this ideal, it is none the less the true ideal toward which popular education in school and church and press should strive.

It may still be maintained, no doubt, that the patriotic ideal involves provincialism; but, if so, it is provincialism of a worthy kind. It is not the provincialism which sees the whole merely as fringe to the part, as in the case of the Greeks and Barbarians, Jews and Gentiles, the "Middle Kingdom" and the "foreign devils." It is rather specialism, localisation and definiteness in interest and duty, recognition by a people of its special field and task and type of service. To effect this transformation it is only needful that the great truth in the internationalists' plea should be clearly recognised and heartily espoused, the truth, namely, that *the supreme unit is the race* and not the tribe, mankind and not any fraction of it; that, therefore, true devotion to one's country includes a recognition of that country's duties as well as its desires; and that, as President Hibben has said, a nation "fails to fulfil its destiny if it is wholly self-centred and self-absorbed." That truth once established and enthroned, it is impossible that rational patriotism should conflict with rational philanthropy, or universal brotherhood. As well maintain that care of one's digestive system militates against regard for the body as a whole, or that an individual investigator's special concern with electro-dynamics is hurtful to the cause of science. Indeed, in a sense all scientific inquiry to-day is provincial; it is specialised. Now, in the ethico-social field, no less than in the fields of physics and physiology, an organic situation is involved; that is, the part in its normal functioning serves the whole as well as itself, and the whole reacts helpfully upon the part, giving it the most favourable conditions for successful activity. Only through such organic relation of the tribe to the race, the nation to the world, with its special attention to the local interest and task, can the universal good be really secured. The vast enterprise of human betterment requires specific effort in countless ways and in definite times and places; it calls for the concerted, manifold, and *distinctive* services of all the peoples on the earth. It is not to be achieved by mere vague desires for improvement, however widespread. As well trust to the clouds of steam which hang over tropic seas to run our factories. Each nation must grapple with the task of progress as that task presents itself within its own borders, and must do it in the way for which it is best fitted.

Be it so, it may be objected, why have any national *sentiment* about it? Because thereby attention to the task and interest in it is greatly fostered. We appreciate the universal only through the partial.* Men's minds reach broad outlooks only with difficulty. The more local and concrete an object, the more readily the average mind becomes interested in it. Indeed, after three years of world war not a few of our citizens still think we should not concern ourselves with a foe who is beyond the sea, and not yet desolating our farms and wrecking our cities. Most men will evidently have but a vague perception of humanity's well-being, and but a feeble interest in it, if that well-being is not some way localised for them—concretely represented in country and community.

Nor is this the whole truth by any means. The factor of emulation must

infinitesimal part of a great instrument, in use since the beginning of history, for the perfecting of human unity and human freedom." One does not see why Mrs. Stokes should reject the word "patriot." "Jingoes" certainly have no copyright upon it. Indeed, David Starr Jordan, going to the opposite extreme, declares that "true patriotism is but another name for tolerance and humanity."

*So Prof. Royce, in discussing "the problem of educating the self-estranged spirit of our nation to know itself better," says, "we need . . . a new and wiser provincialism . . . the sort of provincialism which makes people want to idealise, to adorn, to ennoble, to educate their own province; to hold sacred its traditions, to honour its worthy dead, to support and to multiply its public possessions." (*Philosophy of Loyalty*, p. 245.)

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come in for the full development of interest and effort. William James averred that rivalry does four-fifths of the wo ld's work. Let those who wish disparage this factor upon ideal grounds. It is certainly a fundamental constituent of human nature, as little to be exorcised as aversion to pain. The human mind gets its appreciations largely through contrast. Light and dark, hard and soft, work and ease, pleasure and pain, and the like, get much, if not all, of their meaning through their differences one from the other. By the nature of the mind, therefore, the homeland of each people will *through its distinctiveness* awaken a sense of possession, and arouse interest and call forth service, to a degree that is impossible in the cases of such universals as mankind and the world, *which have no competitors upon their own plane.* The effort to make that homeland in some sense *über alles* will have an attractiveness which can attach to no purely universal, *and therefore non-emulative,* endeavour.

It is manifest, then, that however it may be with certain intellectuals, men in general *will* make their distinctions of interest between parts of mankind, and *will* in some form cherish their partialities. Indeed, those who in these days are the loudest prophets of internationalism and the severest critics of patriotism, themselves exemplify the statement; for they stand as distinctly for a class group—the wage earners—as the patriot stands for a local group. With not a few of them animosity to the *bourgeoisie* and to "capital" outruns all ordinary international hostility of Frenchmen and Germans. At this writing their latest demand in Russia is a "dictatorship of the proletariat"—universal brotherhood with a vengeance! If then, partialities are bound to exist either along geographical or social lines, would it pay society to banish nationalism, if that were possible, in order that class interests and class antagonisms might do their perfect work? Will suspicions and animosities and conflicts be less hurtful when directed against our neighbours than when against strangers in distant lands? The latter we can reach and hurt only with difficulty, but the former lie ever-exposed to abuse and exploitation, to bomb and torch. If divisions must needs be, surely it is to be counted to patriotism for righteousness that it divides men upon lines perpendicular to the social strata, and in so doing, in the measure of its strength, moderates the lateral industrial antagonisms, and binds the classes together in heart and purpose.* There is no such thing as a sound society, one either safe or happy, made up of mere contiguous classes, without common interests and ends, duties and tasks. The fabric of a real society is always composed of two sets of dynamic relations—the warp of class needs, desires, and aims and the woof of the organic (that is, national) interests, duties, and ideals. There are social observers who predict a bloody industrial revolution in the near future. If such a catastrophe ever does occur, the salvation of society will lie with those intelligent men—of all classes—who have developed a high and rational patriotism, a patriotism which is moral because it recognises and provides for the interests of all classes and of fellow peoples, and which is politically sound because it seeks to create an *organic national and world situation*—an order of things among men in which the common good will be sought and achieved through the co-operation and mutual service of whole and part, the class giving loyal devotion to the nation, and the nation securing to each class just and helpful conditions of life and progress; and, in the larger field of the world, the nation finding its true life in its needed and characteristic contribution to universal human good, while the Parliament of Man (or League of Peace) guards and furthers the just claims of each people for welfare and development. The fundamental idea of such patriotism is, of course, far

*For anarchists and other social revolutionists this is its condemnation. *Hinc illæ lacrimæ.*

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from new; for it is essentially Jesus' idea of mutual service as the necessary basis of a successful society, whether that society be small or great, but we humans, with our predatory social heritage, have been dullards in learning it.

SONG FOR THE NEW CRUSADE

BY GLENN WARD DRESBACH

THE love of Freedom and Mankind
  Too long our Arms delayed.
Now for that love, no longer blind,
  We send the New Crusade!
Against the Foe our might is hurled
To save our Land, to save the World,
To bless a cleansed posterity
With all the New Age hopes to be!

The love of Earth and Brotherhood
  Shall lead to Victory.
Torn lands, the battered hill and wood
  The healing spring shall see.
And all who died shall live indeed,
And all who toiled in Earth's great need,
Near noble dead and near the Lord,
Shall look on Earth and have reward.

And War that kills the millions brave
  And sends tears like a flood
Shall fall upon his sword and rave
  And die in his own blood.
And Despots shall be tombed with him,
Leaving their all on pages dim
With people's tears. . . . Democracy
Shall spread like Sun on land and sea!

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WE MUST GO

BY FRANCES EVELYN WARWICK
(Countess of Warwick)

THE words I have written at the head of this paper express the conviction that has been forcing itself upon me for a long time past and, in the light of latter day developments, appears to stand beyond the reach of doubt. We who must go are the aristocracy of England in our position of hereditary landowners. Let the newly made peers of the last decade, who won their spurs in the factory or the political clubs, the lobby of the House of Commons, the drawing-rooms, take heart of grace. They are not aristocrats any more than the actor is when for three hours out of the twenty-four he becomes a duke at the bidding of a playwright. Plutocrats, bureaucrats, peers, call them what you will, the great majority have no single instinct in common with the class into whose diminishing ranks they have endeavoured to force their way at the point of the cheque book.

As I write the country rings with suggestions for the betterment of the conditions under which land is cultivated, but as I see them the suggestions are in no instance drastic enough. The only cure for present evils seems to me to be state ownership, the abolition of all private property in the earth that was given to all of us in common. There are two classes of large landowners, the aristocracy and the plutocracy. Let us see how they are handling what they regard as their property, taking the aristocracy first. As a class they have been good landlords within limits, but the limits are very marked because they have always been a narrow-minded body. The average chatelaine who plays the part of Lady Bountiful is to me an abomination because her philanthropy is so closely associated with religion, personal pride, and party politics. Let me give a few instances. I have known estates where the tenants are expected to belong to the Church of England and non-Conformity is barred or persecuted. It is associated with radicalism and therefore suspect. Some farmers and very many labourers and small village tradesmen have been ruined or exiled from the place of their birth because their opinions are contrary to those of the landlord. A suspicion of voting for the wrong candidate, i.e., for the man who is neither conservative nor unionist, is fatal and leads at least to boycott. Men and women on such estates must rule their lives to order, think as they are told to think, do as they are told, "thank the Lord for daily rations, and bless the squire and his relations." If our aristocracy possessed the sweetness, the light and the overwhelming wisdom necessary to justify their rôle as supreme dictators all would be well, but I cannot reckon in their ranks more than half a dozen whose claims would bear even a momentary consideration.

My memory travels back to the extraordinary outburst of indignation among the county magnates that followed Mr. Jesse Colling's suggestion that every man should possess three acres and a cow. The wrath of the landowners was only equalled by their amazement. An earthquake would have shocked them less.

How little the aristocracy understand the democracy that was first revealed to me at Chatsworth many years ago when the late Duke of Devonshire was alive and Joseph Chamberlain, one of the great men of our times, had parted with Mr. Gladstone on the Home Rule question. There was a big house party at the Duke's Derbyshire home to meet Royalty, and to the intense surprise and

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alarm of all the assembled guests save Royalty, which had of course been consulted, the Duke said he had invited Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and that he would arrive in the evening. The amazement among the ladies was unbounded. "What can he be like?" said one who shall be nameless, to me, "I hear such dreadful things about him, he has made shocking speeches." I endeavoured to console her. "I don't suppose he knows how to eat," remarked another anxiously. "I'm told these people never learn the difference between a knife and a fork. It will be terribly embarrassing for all of us and for him too. I think it's a terrible mistake to ask him down." I remember how the guests assembled as though to see a strange animal released from a menagerie and the curious feelings that ran through them as some said afterward, when the great statesman, cold, imperturbable, complete master of himself and of his hereditary enemies, took his place among the Duke's guests and struck the empty babblers dumb. He had split the barque of Liberalism from stem to stem, he had given a new life to moribund Conservatism, but the chief concern of some of those he met for the first time was to see if he ate his peas with a knife and mistook the functions of spoon and fork. Then at least they would have had the solid satisfaction of knowing he was damned past redemption. But, alas! he did none of these things.

It may be urged that this is ancient history. I say that the strange attitude of mind that prompted the view of Joseph Chamberlain is typical. Only two or three years ago I learned that when a certain peer visits one of his shooting estates the village inn is not allowed to receive visitors nor are any of the tenants of the estate permitted to harbour as much as a relation. Some plebeian might come "betwixt the wind and his nobility." Can these things endure in the twentieth century? Can the people capable of creating such conditions be permitted to enjoy and hand down to their heirs, the freehold of English earth? Let common sense answer the question.

I turn to the plutocrats, the men who have bought land and titles in the open market, and believe me the one is nearly as readily purchased as the other. They have not the old feudal tradition of the aristocracy. All their lives they have been accustomed to make business ventures pay, and while they value the prestige that a great estate confers, they demand five or six per cent. on their outlay and employ an agent who will see that they get it. My enquiries, extending over a term of years, confirm the common evidence that the landlord of this class is a bad landlord. Moreover, he is more greedy about his game rights than any other species of the *genus* landlord, and in many instances the Ground Game Act under which the farmer may keep down hares and rabbits becomes a dead letter. The "new" landlord has ever been the terror of the hunt, and whatever the faults of the hunt it has done much for horse-breeder and farmer in the past, sufficient at least to deserve a reasonable epitaph. The "new" landlord overstocks his coverts, and if the birds eat the farmer's grain he thinks it is rather smart of them. He throws out the old hands whom the feudalist for all his faults would have kept in employment even though they could not quite earn their wages, *noblesse oblige*. In short, he treats the land on strictly business lines, not for the benefit of agriculture or the state but for the sake of a good investment.

I have felt for many years past that for the betterment of social conditions in England a supreme sacrifice is required; war has deepened and strengthened the conviction. It seems to me no more than an act of justice that the remains of the valiant men who offered their lives for Britain should have the freedom of Britain for their reward. There is no one member of my own class who would claim to have done more for his country than any of the rank and file, and it can be no justice that calls men to fight for the land and leaves it in the

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hands of a fraction of those who fought. To me it is impossible that in the future His Grace or My Lord should own square miles of the Mother Earth for which Tom died and Dick was sore wounded and Harry fought unscathed. Use and wont are hardened sinners, but surely even they must turn from such a prospect. The country has great needs, and if it is to remain solvent the united work of one and all following the latest developments with the most complete equipment will be inevitable. The old feudal landlord will be an anachronism, the new money-spun landlord an abomination, only the state can own the land in trust for those who can make it productive. Little more than half a century has passed since in Japan the Samurai surrendered their privileges into the hands of the Mikado, and with their sacrifice the new Japan was born. If we are to look for a like spirit in this country surely it must be among those to whom good fortune and the accident of birth have given the best chance of understanding the hideous inequality from which they derive their benefits. Suppose that our aristocracy as a class were to emulate the Samurai, that they were to place at the disposal of the state the Mother Earth that belongs to the state by right. They might reasonably accept a moderate recompense—something that would provide for them and their children on the scale of modest living that will become the rule when we begin to meet the price of war. Our little world is made up of people inferior in the capacity of doing to the butler who controls the pantry, the keeper who looks after the covers, the groom who cleans the stables. We have been brought up as parasites and should not be too heavily penalised for a fault that is not our own. But the position so long held was anomalous enough before the war, after the war it will be an impossibility if national progress is to be unfettered.

How far fairer it would be for us to recognise and accept the truth and go as the Moors went from Spain, where they, too, had become an anachronism, though the beauty that made their sojourn remarkable lingers to this day. If we would make the supreme sacrifice of our tradition we could trust the common sense of our countrymen to see that no plutocrats devoid of all tradition stepped into the place we had vacated. We could make our bargain with the state that it should be the supreme landlord spending the rent to make the lovely countryside at least as valuable to national life as the ugly town. We who came into the high places of England with the false halo of conquest would retire from them in the real halo of renunciation, and our act of supreme sacrifice would be a better memorial than the best of us could have hoped to gain.

The old and middle aged among us might have no further part to play, but the young, or many of them well bred, well reared, well trained, would make their mark and feel the joy of living in open competition with all and not as a pampered and privileged parasitic class. Many have revolted against the conditions, for as the years pass and knowledge grows, it becomes increasingly difficult to reconcile fortune with justice. I believe that a landless aristocracy could and would serve the country in many ways that are at present impossible or at best difficult. After all, there is nothing startlingly novel in a plan that was adopted successfully by the Japanese more than half a century ago, and as for the question of its novel and revolutionary character I am convinced that we are approaching an era of still greater change. The fashion in which the state has turned to plans and programmes persistently advocated and still more persistently decried down to the time war broke out has a significance it would be well to bear in mind.

State ownership alone will serve to yield the best results and to repopulate the countryside. Let every man occupy just as much land as he can farm and no more, and if he needs others to help him, let each and all share the fruits of their labours. Let him be at liberty to

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increase his holding as more care to join him and as his family grows, if he has boys who will work on the land and girls for the poultry yard, orchard and dairy. Let the English farmer and those who work with him and share the results of the work practise the relationships that exist in Scotland, where farmer and farm labourer were educated side by side in the village school and the actual farming is the best in the empire. I said "educated"—they do not give children an education in the English village school. Those who know Scotland will understand what I mean. From end to end of England let the state own the soil, and in return for the fair rent it yields, give proper education, good housing, light, water, drainage and the rest. Let it have farming taught on scientific lines and end the haphazard methods from which the greater part of England is suffering and see that in every village there are sufficient facilities for reasonable recreation to remove the reproach of dulness from the countryside. Above all, let the children be taught that the fuller cultivation of the land is one of the highest and best of human labours.

The great landowners have had their chance for centuries. Their failures outnumber their successes until these last are felt to be quite inconsiderable. In the light of our latter day crisis it can be seen beyond all possibility of doubt that there is no salvation in them. It is time that they should go, and only the state can replace them if England is to respond to the needs of the immediate future. I have written with full knowledge of the facts.

AT MASS FOR THE SOUL OF SISTER HELENA

BY LUCIA NORWOOD WATSON

You were very tired, little Sister.
Who knows what comes to you?
I cannot pray for you
To wake to shuddering ecstasy,
To the rapier lights
Of the Church's Heaven
And the *Gloria in Excelsis*.

I know you are too tired.

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A DEMOCRATIC ARISTOCRACY

BY CHARLES FERGUSON

"THE trouble with your American democracy," said Thomas Carlyle, "is that there is nobody in the United States whose business it is to stand up steadily for the public."

Through all the tortuous chapters of *Sartor Resartus, The French Revolution* and the other scornful, rousing, will-stirring books of the Chelsea sage, there runs, as everybody knows, a single strain or *leit motif*. Carlyle shouts to the world in a clangorous symphony of splendid words: "Masses of men cannot succeed—cannot do anything worth doing—cannot even live for long—unless some of the men in the mass are public men—public to the core—seeking their own fortune, power, life, only in and through the success of the public."

That is Carlyle's idea of an authentic aristocracy. He did not invent the idea. He discovered it. It is implicit in universal history and in all great literature. It is the truth that explains the existence of a *beau monde,* an elite of force and fashion in all ages and in all lands. Everywhere and from the beginnings of historic peoples there seems to have been some kind of special order of nobles or gentry whose distinction, sifted to the bottom, was or was supposed to be, its aloofness from small and private preoccupations, its social representativeness and public responsibility. Even after the sense of public mission has gone clean out of a dominant class—leaving it narrow, acrid and illiberal—it still keeps the bare letter of the immemorial tradition. It reports its insignificant doings under the head, Society—in token of the fact that it occupies the hollow place where the social spine should be.

Now we have inherited from the age of petty handicrafts a theory that there is no need of public-mindedness in the working world—that there is need only of compunctions or commercial honesty. This theory lies imbedded in the minds of many business men and politicians and seems to form the basis of their thinking or their thoughtlessness on social economics. It is, I submit, a superstition. It will not bear a moment's observation.

The confusion that has come upon the world could not have befallen, I think, if there had been any fair representation of the aristocratic attitude toward life in the centres of great business in Europe and America. What was needed were public-minded men—men who instinctively used their own lives and fortunes to underwrite the life and fortune of the public—in the great credit centres and news centres. And it appears that at this moment there is no possible escape from the confusion—that we shall go on and on to an ever deepening misery and bewilderment—unless the organisation of industry and commerce can develop an aristocracy strong enough to dispossess the private-minded persons who now hold the governing centres of business.

Have we not grievously misunderstood the meaning of democracy? This attempt to compose a great society by a nice balancing and counter-checking of millions of small and suspicious egotisms—has it not always been flatly unpractical? As a matter of social science and sound philosophy the practical problem of democracy seems to be this: *to find a self-rectifying method for the establishment of an elite—a free and self-governing leadership. The trouble with the old aristocracies was that the method of their establishment* was such that in the *course of nature they tended constantly toward private-mindedness or privilege.*

Probably no aristocracy was ever born

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base. For aristocracies are begotten out of social disorder and travail, and in their beginnings their very existence proves that they are worthy, that they stand for so much of public order as is intelligible to the times. But the history of the world is a reiterated tale of the degeneration of aristocracies. They gradually cease to be aristocratic. They lose energy, intellect and taste—as their order ceases to be concentric with the public order. It is not a question of sacrificial devotion. It is a question of being first-rate — not second-rate — in sense and sensibility. First-rateness is, I suppose, always aristocratic and public-minded; while second-rateness is private-minded every day and public-minded only in stress of war or on holiday occasions—that is, mixed-minded or mongrel-minded.

Revolutions seem in general to be due to the persistence of legal power in powerless hands. New autocracies arise because the old have grown weak and stupid. The new succeed because they are relatively intelligent and magnanimous. We cannot escape from confusion so long as we cherish the Miltonian myth that the devil is fearfully intelligent—and that first-rate intelligence must be bound down by the law-wythes of the Lilliputians. On the other hand we are likely to discover a plain way into a new and spacious age as soon as we are able to see that people absorbed in their private fortunes can never by any possibility be more than smart, can never achieve intellectual power—that great intelligence is in its very nature generous. We shall see also that great intelligence is necessary for the successful-co-ordination and control of the massive and delicate machineries of modern civilisation, and that to produce men who are able to do this is to produce men that can be trusted to do it.

Thus we are in sight of a solution of the problem of self-rectifying aristocracy. The method of establishment that was needed in order to keep a predominant order from becoming a *faineant* privileged class, *is furnished by the development of a high tensioned productive and commercial system that cannot be run by knaves or fools.* The stupendous catastrophe that focuses in Europe and spreads through the whole earth, demonstrates the need of a social Samurai or new order of chivalry to replace the traffickers and money-changers, the profiteers and small promoters who have mismanaged the great central exchanges, the centres of information and of credit in our complex modern life. An aristocracy based upon scholastic learning, as that of China, or upon land tenures as were the aristocracies of mediæval Europe, can decay and yet hold on. But the masters of the fine human arts and the great engines—who shall bring order out of this present wreck—*will be held to valour by the increasing delicacy and intensity of their task.* They will win because they will serve. *And they cannot outstay any intermission in the service.*

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SPEAKING OF RUSSIA

BY ABRAHAM YARMOLINSKY

This article was written before the defection of Kornilov and it goes to press just as news of the counter-revolution against the Provisional Government is reaching this country. The author's forecasting of developments is, therefore, truly remarkable and his judgment of conditions is shown by events to be thoroughly sane. Moreover, this article contains perhaps the first accurate statement of Kerensky's position in Russia that has appeared. In this country the hope has been father to the belief that Kerensky was the "strong man" to curb Russia's license and to lead her to a glorious destiny. Mr. Yarmolinsky outlines Kerensky's true strength and his power and opportunity.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

I THE EBBING TIDE

THE Russian proletariat, partly owing to the assistance of the *intelligentsia,* has outstripped all the other social groups in the intensity of its class consciousness and revolutionary maturity. This peculiarity of Russia's development accounts for the dominating rôle which Labour and its ideology of political and social democracy have played in the shaping of the present revolution. It is now well established that, although representatives of the Duma opposition assumed the leadership of the revolution, the behaviour of the Liberals during the decisive moments of the struggle was rather a sad one. The real maker of the revolution was the Council of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies, which sprang spontaneously from the popular movement and which embodies the ideals of Russia's socialistic democracy. For the first time the power of this political body was amply displayed in the clash which early in May occurred between the Council and the bourgeois cabinet in connection with the government's war policy. The story is in everybody's memory. The opposition triumphed, several ministers, members of the moderate Constitutional-Democratic Party, resigned, and the Council, in defiance of Socialistic traditions, assumed a considerable portion of the burden of power. Ever since then Russia has been ruled by His Majesty the Workman. Before the eyes of the startled world the Russian bear seemed to leap from the régime which has been wittily described as "despotism tempered by assassination," straight into the millennium of socialism.

At present, at the close of the sixth month of freedom, the semi-socialistic government is still at the helm, but the observer cannot help feeling that the mighty tide of political and social radicalism, which has submerged Russia and whose spray has reached the four corners of the earth, is beginning to ebb. The recent Extraordinary National Conference has clearly shown that the conservative forces are rapidly rallying and gathering impetus. The very fact that the conference was held in Moscow is symbolic of Russia's changing mind. Moscow, the depository of Russia's past, is the emblem of the conservative tendencies of Russian life, while Petrograd, the magnificent whim of a czar who was a great ruler and a still greater revolutionist, symbolises its boundless daring and mighty urge. Moscow, the slow, the sedate, is the country's generous heart; Petrograd, the City Phantasmal, in whose mists reality dissolves into phantoms and phantoms appear real, is Russia's ever active brain, now delirious and hallucinatory. The shifting of the cen-

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tre of political life from the seething cauldron of the northern capital to the quiet of Moscow is a sign of the times.

A sobering is noticeable among the Radicals themselves. The manifold responsibilities of power have turned visionaries into men of action and intransigent doctrinaires into opportunists. It has brought together, for instance, men like the former "terrorist" Savinkov and General Kornilov. But, of course, the main powers behind the conservative opposition are the industrialists and landowners, whose economic interests are threatened by the socialistic tendencies of the revolution. Conservatism feeds also on the elemental sentiments of patriotism which has been generated by the military reverses, on one hand, and the centrifugal forces set free by the revolution, on the other.

II AT THE CROSS-ROADS

The Provisional Government would have us believe that its rule has been strengthened by the Moscow Conference. It has announced semi-officially that all the various political groups represented at the extraordinary assembly were united in their loyalty to the present government, and that there were no dissensions concerning the following three points:

1. The vigourous defence of the country.
2. A strong government.
3. An indivisible Russia.

Unfortunately, the actual situation does not bear out this optimistic view. It would be futile to deny that to-day Russia is a house divided against itself and that this division grows sharper with every hour. Under the influence of the military débâcle in the North, the conservative forces are rapidly growing stronger and more conscious of themselves. A conflict between them and the revolutionary government seems inevitable. New Russia is at the cross-roads of her destiny.

It is important clearly to see the things for which the two opposing elements stand. The present government represents the resultant of the radical forces which have hitherto shaped the revolution. It is supported by the Council of Workmen's, Soldiers', and Peasants' Deputies and by the radical intellectuals. This central current of the revolution stands for the prosecution of the war, but at the same time it works for the liberalisation of the allied war aims, in order that a negotiated peace might be obtained. The revolutionary government cherishes no illusion as to the possibility of immediately rebuilding Russia on the pattern of the Marxian doctrine, but it stands for thoroughgoing social reforms, such as nationalisation of the land. It has abandoned the policy of governmental non-resistance, but it avoids the use of force. It has curbed the Finnish separatists, but it has granted autonomy to Ukraine. The present government stands for an indivisible Russia, for order and for discipline in the army, but above all it stands on guard over the revolution and its democratic acquisitions, and as the guardian of the newly won freedom it loathes the idea of military dictatorship.

The acknowledged leader of this current is Premier Kerensky, the hero of the revolution. The leader of the opposition is General Kornilov, a soldier every inch of him. He represents patriotic and nationalistic Russia, and he is supported by the conservative elements of the population and by a portion of the army. Kornilov's party dreams of a military dictatorship and a war cabinet pledged to an unqualified prosecution of the war. Kornilov is not by any means an enemy of the revolution, but he would not hesitate to sacrifice the acquisitions of the revolution if the interest of a successful defence of the country demanded that sacrifice. His rule would mean the abandonment of revolutionary innovations in the field of economical and social policy and a return to the old, well-tried methods of statecraft. It would also, probably result in the partial resurrection of the traditional Russian imperialism and official nationalism. And

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who knows whether Kornilov's triumph would not finally lead to something in the nature of a monarchistic restoration?

The Provisional Government is endeavouring to stem the tide of conservatism. Kerensky is still strong and he controls the situation. Furthermore, the grave military situation which Russia faces at present will probably compel the factions to sacrifice their differences for the sake of saving the country from the foreign foe. Nevertheless, an open clash between Kerensky's party and the conservative opposition can hardly be avoided. In the near future the country may have to choose between Kerensky and Kornilov. No one knows which side will triumph. The friends of Russia ardently hope that the conflict, "a fight between conquerors," will assume the mild form of a cabinet crisis, and that the young republic will be spared the trials of a civil war.

III KING HUNGER

In diagnosing the present political situation in Russia one important fact has often been overlooked, namely that King Hunger, who, in the memorable days of March last, fought against Czar Nicholas, is at present aligned with the enemies of the revolutionary democracy and its lawful executive organ, the Provisional Government. The stomach has a logic of its own. The people who relegated the old Russian régime to the archives of history fought for bread as well as for freedom. The revolution has given them the freedom for which their souls yearned but failed to supply them with bread. It is an open secret that the new government has so far been unable to cope successfully with the food and transportation problems. The situation is avowedly desperate, famine is threatening both the rear and the front, and the bankruptcy of the country's industrial life seems imminent. The fault hardly lies with the revolutionary government, but the Man in the Street is not in a position to judge impartially. Russia's molten body and soul are being cast into a new mould, and the process is painful. Small wonder then, that the Man in the Street groans and grumbles. He does it all the more openly and boldly that he has been led to believe in the sacrosanctitude and sovereignty of the collective will of himself and of others like him. This popular discontent has been on the increase ever since the first cabinet crisis, caused by Milyukov's note to the allied powers, put an end to the honeymoon of Russian freedom.

This brewing discontent with the new government is to-day one of the chief hopes of counter-revolution in Russia. It is a fertile field for royalism, anti-Semitism, and other forms of reactionary propaganda, and it partly accounts for the success which the opponents of the Provisional Government on the extreme Left have obtained among the lower classes and the soldiers. The monarchistic reaction is raising its head. According to newspaper advices, a large royalist conspiracy was discovered during the recent National conference in Moscow. At present, the Byzantine nightmare of czarism is, it seems, a lifeless corpse, *iam foetet*. Still royalism as a political factor cannot be completely disregarded. The course of revolutions is as tortuous and uncertain as the way of an eagle in the air. This is especially true of upheavals which bring into play forces as mighty and confused as those stirring in the Russian Colossus.

It would also be rash to minimise the importance of the counter-revolution on the Left. It is represented by the socialistic faction referred to as *Bolsheviki,* or Maximalists, or Leninites. The Left opposition is almost as old as the revolution itself. It is a thorn in the flesh of new Russia and a source of constant tribulation to the government. The *Bolsheviki* are the fanatics of the revolution. Collaboration with the "bourgeoisie" is, in their opinion, a deadly sin. They have no patience with the Provisional Government, which they consider too moderate and they call on the

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workmen to overthrow it and declare instead the political dictatorship of the proletariat. They also preach the immediate socialisation of the land and the control of the proletariat over the production and distribution of commodities. Of the war they would dispose by having all the warring peoples make each a revolution and set up revolutionary governments, which would, of course, conclude peace in no time. Under the present conditions of unrest and confusion a faction of this sort, demagogic in its methods and anarchistic in its tendencies, may prove a formidable force.

IV WAR AND PEACE

One of the popular fallacies about the Russian revolution is that the overthrow of czarism was merely a radical measure taken by the people against a pro-German government, for the purpose of a more vigourous prosecution of the war on the side of its allies. In reality, the March events were not only a revolt against autocracy, but also a protest against this war. The revolution brought a message of peace and brotherhood to a world writhing in the agonies of a fratricide war. In an historical utterance, which reminded mankind of the cry of the great French Revolution, the new democracy appealed, over the heads of diplomats and rulers, to the belligerent nations, to stop this war, thus crystallising the idea of peace as a pact between free peoples. Ever since then universal peace has been one of the main concerns of the best minds of Russia. Yet, in spite of all their efforts, the Russian radicals have found no practical way of extricating the world from this war. The celebrated Russian formula of "a peace without annexations and without indemnities, on the basis of national self-determination," is, after all, little more than a magnificent gesture of repentance and emphatic repudiation of the traditional Russian imperialism.

In the allied countries these pacifistic tendencies of the Russian revolution were interpreted as an indication that the leaders of the young democracy urged the nation to conclude a separate peace with the central powers. The course of the revolution has proved, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that this interpretation was false. It is true that the people at large are longing for peace and that, in principle, Russian democracy rejects the continuation of the war as a way of settling the issues of international adjustment raised by the struggle. It is also true that the Russian socialists have pinned their faith on the Pentecost of Stockholm. Nevertheless, to-day there is not a single political group in Russia which preaches the gospel of a separate peace. The separate peace party has been wiped out by the revolution. The present German offensive in the North is in itself an indication that the Central Powers have lost all hope of coaxing Russia into a separate peace. Such a peace is too undemocratic and anti-national to find any following in Russia. The people have no illusion as to the sinister consequences which such a compact would have for the future of Russia and for the world. Even the propaganda against Russian allies and their war policy which is conducted by the *Bolsheviki,* aims not at a separate peace with Germany, but rather at the fantastic policy of a separate war with her. They would have Russia quit the imperialistic conspiracy of Anglo-French capitalists, which in their opinion this war is, and fight the Teutonic autocracies single handedly. The overwhelming majority of the leaders of the Russian people are convinced that, under the present conditions, only a consorted military effort of all the allied nations can bring peace to humanity. Kerensky leading an attack against the enemy is the symbol of the attitude of the revolution toward this war. In this point both Kerensky's party and its opponents are in perfect agreement. What abates the war enthusiasm of the Russian democracy is, to speak with Mr. Tereshchenko, the Ministry of War, "the fear lest, bound by its old treaties it should be forced to work for annexationist aims

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which are alien to it." If it is true that the highest purpose of the struggle waged by the Entente Allies is universal peace based on a League of Nations, free Russia has surely been eminently loyal to that purpose.

V THE ARMY

The German offensive is likely to silence Russian pacifism, for a time, at least. At present the supreme task of the government is to save the country from the invader. Unfortunately, the army is in a state of demoralisation, the completeness of which has been amply demonstrated by the Galician débâcle and the fall of Riga.

In his speech at the Moscow Conference General Kornilov attributed the demoralisation of the army to "the whole series of measures taken by those who are completely foreign to the spirit and needs of the army." The general alluded to the "Decree Regarding the Fundamental Rights of Men in the Fighting Services" (promulgated by the Provisional Government on May 27th), which has transformed the Russian army into the most democratic military organisation in the world. Indeed, the sudden transition from the old, indescribably brutal military machinery to the new system naturally affected the discipline in the ranks. But the democratisation of the army is only one of the factors which have brought about its disintegration. The fact must not be overlooked that the uniform-clad Russian peasant, ignorant, primitive, swayed by rumours and panics, construed freedom as synonymous with the cessation of this war which he did not want in the least. Hence—fraternisation with the enemy and desertion. Then came the Leninites, probably aided by German spies, and told the soldiers that this war was a land-grabbing game and that the Russian army was being driven by the government to fight for conquests which will enrich the Anglo-French ruling classes. Later the Russian soldier learned that the allied governments replied quite evasively to the suggestion made by Russia to revise the allied war aims on the basis of a peace without annexations and without indemnities. As a result of these various influences, the army, *la grande muette,* broke its age-long silence of obedience and refused to shed its blood.

At present, when Germany, it appears, is intent upon crushing its defenceless Slav neighbour, the war will acquire a new meaning to the Russian, and in the near future, if the offensive goes on, the world may behold the spectacle of a nation rising to repel the invaders and rapidly regenerating the combative spirit of its troops.

VI THE PILGRIMAGE

It is certain that the Russian revolution has been somewhat of a disappointment to a considerable number of those who were prompt to hail its august advent. The Russian upheaval has proven something altogether different from the tamely, well-bred, and pathetic thing which many had imagined it to be. The Russian people are new to the fine art of making a *coup d'état* after the time-hallowed French recipe. It would be futile to deny that the effect of the wine of freedom on many weak Russian heads was not unlike that produced by Circe's magic potion on Ulysses's companions, and that the drunken voice of the eternal Caliban celebrating his emancipation from his old master may be distinguished in the mighty symphony of Russian freedom. The upheaval set free not only the constructive energies of the Russian multitudes, but also the primitive, irrational, destructive nihilism, which is one of the mystical aspects of the complex Slav soul.

Surely the blunders and failings of the Russian revolution are many and grave. Still they do not obscure the fundamental fact that for the last six months the world has been watching the spectacle of a great people striving, in the midst of the most trying circumstances, to give reality to a social system more truly democratic than any the world has yet seen. The

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first footsteps of free Russia, for all her errings and sins, are like red flashes on the grey vastness of history's torrent. The Russian revolution is still in the making. The war may arrest its course, but when the struggle is over Russia will resume her pilgrimage to the New Jerusalem of social justice.

A ROMANOFF PRINCESS

THE GAY AND PIOUS ELIZABETH

BY JOSEPH McCABE

THE second daughter of Peter the Great and Catherine is one of the most piquant figures in the series of Romanoff women. Inheriting a large measure of her father's spirit of independence, she had been encouraged by the quaint experiences of the four reigns through which she had lived before, in her thirty-third year, she herself seized the throne. She had grown up, a sharp and merry blue-eyed girl, at the court of her mother, the Empress Catherine, the one-time servant-girl and drudge of the camp, and her mother's friend and minister, Prince Menshikoff, the former vender of meat-pies. Then, in her later teens, she had for three years watched the pathetic reign of her nephew, Peter II. The boy had been fascinated by his pretty and lively young aunt, and she had seen with disgust the efforts of the scheming Dolgorukis to capture him. Next she had studied the astute trickery of the Empress Anne, and had noted with disdain the barbaric splendour and power to which Anne had promoted her low-born lover, the Duke Biren. Elizabeth had sought consolation in gallantries of her own until Anne threatened to send her to a convent.

At her death, in 1740, Anne had left the throne to the infant son of Anne of Brunswick, and the deeper disdain into which the court now fell had prepared the way for a fresh revolution. Anne of Brunswick was a weak, silly, sentimental woman, supremely incapable of ruling. She spent her time in morbid intimacy with a German adventuress, Julia Mengden, while her German husband surrounded himself with favourites of his own country. Russia rumbled with murmurs against the foreigners, and Elizabeth's French physician, Lestocq, and the French envoy, the Marquis de la Chétardie, secretly urged her to head a revolution. Their relations were suspected, and the Princess had to be cautious. Chétardie took a villa up the Neva, and Elizabeth was fond of boating, so that she contrived many a seemingly casual meeting. She had also a few confidants at court who were ready to speculate on the chances of a revolution, and she had, especially, the affection of the guards. Like her mother, she was amiable with the soldiers. She held their children at the font and inquired genially about their families. Ostermann, the wise old German councillor who had survived all revolutions at court, detected the conspiracy, and Anne was directed to charge her with treasonable relations with France and Sweden, the enemies of Russia. The interview ended in sisterly tears and embraces, and the conspirators got speedily to work.

Ostermann, seeing the weakness of Anne, ordered the guard to be ready to leave for the frontier within twenty-four hours. It was probable, he mendaciously said, that Sweden was about to reopen the war. He had recently quarrelled with Elizabeth, and had no mind to see her empress. This was on December 5th, the day after her inter-

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view with Anne. That night at ten the conspirators met to decide upon immediate action; Lestocq, the doctor, went out into the snow to see that all lights were out at Ostermann's mansion and the palace. They were as feeble a group of conspirators as ever engineered a revolution in Russia, and Elizabeth wavered between dread of a convent and eagerness for the throne. The most active and eloquent of them was the French physician. Then there were Vorontsoff, her chamberlain; Schwartz, her music-master; the brothers Schuvaloff, gentlemen of her household, and Alexis Razumovsky, her lover at the time, of whom we will see more. They raised Elizabeth's courage to the required pitch, and Lestocq stealthily introduced twenty grenadiers of the guard who professed that they were—for a consideration—ready to die for her. Elizabeth donned a cuirass under her cloak and slung a crucifix at her breast, and then, after a long and fervent prayer, committed her fortunes to Providence and the modest skill of her friends. Her lover was left to guard the house.

At two in the morning the party passed swiftly through the frozen streets to the Preobrajensky barracks. A small crowd of about two hundred soldiers gathered round Elizabeth and listened to her appeal to support her, the daughter of Peter, and exterminate the foreigners. They would cut them to pieces, they assured her; and she had to explain that she would have no bloodshed. Other soldiers joined them, and presently a troop of four hundred marched with her and her supporters to the palace. It was the tamest revolution Russia had yet seen. Ostermann, Golovkin, and the other leading ministers were pinned into their mansions; the few loyal guards at the palace were thrust aside; and the Princess Anne and her friend Julia awoke to find Elizabeth in their bedroom at the head of a crowd of grenadiers.

Anne was not of the stuff of heroines. She meekly begged Elizabeth to spare her family and not take away her dear Julia, and she and her imperial baby were put upon the sledge and driven to Elizabeth's house. The blaze of fires in the courtyard and noise of soldiers soon roused the city, and courtiers and soldiers rushed out to study the situation. It is said of Lacy, the Irish commander, that, when a friend asked him which party he stood for, he promptly replied: "For the party that is in power." Few were so candid in speech, but all behaved alike. They rushed to take the new oath of allegiance, and the Empress Elizabeth inaugurated her reign.

Elizabeth insisted that there should be no bloodshed, but what happened may give the true measure of such advance as this indicated. The little Emperor Ivan and his parents must, she said, receive a pension and go back to Germany. Anne and Anthony, glad to escape so lightly, started for the frontier, but a courier reached them before they had left Russia, and they were imprisoned at Riga. After a time they were transferred, still prisoners, to Oranienburg. Whether Elizabeth was struggling with her own glimmer of conscience or with less humane counsellors, it would be difficult to say. She consulted everybody. Was her life really in danger, or might she follow the impulse of humanity and let the weak-minded couple depart? Humanity was a new and rare thing in Russia. They were eventually banished to the frozen shore of the Arctic Ocean, where they lived in the hut of a common peasant.

The "clemency" of Elizabeth—of which the decrees of the time speak—was equally exhibited toward the surviving servants of her father and her predecessor. Away with the Germans, was the cry; and a few distinguished Russians were included in the batch of prisoners who now looked forward to the customary reprisals. Old Ostermann, gouty and stoical, had fought Elizabeth, and he knew that his forty years of sound service would count for nothing. He was to be broken on the wheel. Münnich was to lose his hands and his head; Golovkin his head; and

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so on. A vast crowd gathered in the square on January 29th to see the "traitors" butchered. At the last moment an order of the Empress spared Ostermann the wheel and changed the sentence to decapitation. The old man moved toward the block, and a new order changed the punishment to exile. He quietly asked for his coat, and was packed off to the bleak northern region to which he had once helped to send the former minister Menshikoff. The crowd murmured when fresh orders from the Empress cheated them of the sight of blood. General Münnich was sent to the spot —the very house—in Siberia to which he had sent the minister Biren, who was summoned back to life. They met on the way, in Siberia, and bowed; and the great soldier settled down to rearing chickens and growing vegetables. The others were scattered over the bleak North. There had been no torture of witnesses—though much suborning of witnesses—and no bloodshed. Russia was improving.

While the goats were scattered, the sheep were gathered on the right hand. Vorontsoff became a leading minister, and his humble colleagues strutted also in gold lace and silks. Lestocq, first physician of the new court, was so richly rewarded with gold and favour that he imagined himself the prime spirit of the new rêgime, and presently came to grief. The Marquis de la Chétardie became a saviour of Russia (which he would like to ruin in the interest of France, and indeed expected to be at least gravely weakened under the rule of Elizabeth), and soldiers kissed his hand. The guards, heavily rewarded, put on insufferable airs, and wandered insolently about the palace as if they were part-owners of it. The state of the court was chaotic, and foreign envoys sent word home that Russia would sink back into barbarism.

The strange fortune of Alexis Razumovsky deserves a paragraph. He was a tall, handsome Cossack, with fine black eyes and eyebrows and a rich black beard: a man in his thirty-fourth year when wealth and power were thus thrust upon him. Twenty years earlier he had been a guardian of his father's sheep and a chorister in the church of the little Cossack village where his mother kept an inn. An imperial courier, passing through, had heard him sing, and had sent him to St. Petersburg to be trained and then got him a place in the choir of the imperial palace at Moscow. He was then twenty-two, and Elizabeth saw and appropriated him for her household. The Marquis de la Chétardie says that one of her maids first appropriated the handsome Cossack, and Elizabeth got the news from her. To tell all the *legends* of the Russian court would need many volumes, and would offend the taste of our polite age, but no one seriously questions that Razumovsky took the place of Elizabeth's latest lover whom the Empress Anne had sent to Siberia.

At Elizabeth's accession he was made a count and a field marshal. He was never spoiled by prosperity—"You may make me a field marshal," he said genially, "but you'll never make me a soldier"—and never interfered in politics. He took his great wealth pleasantly and generously, and drank royally. His brother and relatives were—not by him, but by the Empress—similarly enriched, and even his old Cossack mother was brought from her inn, richly dressed, and presented at court. There was a story that the bewildered woman took her own reflection in the glass for the Empress and nervously curtsied to it; which would not flatter Elizabeth, as she was still one of the most handsome women of Russia.

Whether Elizabeth ever married Razumovsky cannot be exactly determined. It is generally accepted that she privately, at the instigation of her confessor, married him in the fall of 1742. Elizabeth openly doted on him, and would always have him with her. He kept his even temper when, in her later years, she returned to her early license, and he was present at her death; after which, it is said, he was seen to burn a casket of

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papers which may have included a wedding certificate.

A still greater favourite, in a different way, was Elizabeth's nephew, Karl Peter Ulrich, son of the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp and Anne of Mecklenburg, the elder daughter of Catherine and Peter. His mother had died of consumption a few months after his birth at Kiel, in 1728, and her sickly taint was on the boy. He was mean in body, intellect, and character, and as his father had died when he was eleven, his education had been rough. Elizabeth sent for him, gave him excellent tutors, and completely spoiled what bit of manliness he had. He was made a grand duke and heir to the throne—being the last male with any Romanoff blood—and, as he disliked the Empress's feminine circle, he surrounded himself with Germans, affected a contempt for Russia, and laughed at his aunt's amours. He made peep-holes in the chamber in which she rioted at night, and called the maids to enjoy the spectacle.

But Elizabeth was very far from being a fool. She adopted Peter in order to keep the crown in her father's family, making, out of dynastic feeling, a mistake which wise men like Marcus Aurelius had made. For the government of the country she chose her men well, as a rule, and she tried to put a stop to the disgraceful rivalry which had so often rent the court. At first her chief ministers were her grand Chamberlain, Prince Tcherkasky, a corrupt old noble of the traditional school, and his son-in-law, Trubetskoi. But she saw the greater merit of Michael Bestuzheff, the Grand Marshal of her household, a grave and learned man, and his able younger brother, Alexis, who was to become her chief minister.

Elizabeth herself was lazy. She let documents wait weeks for her signature and at ordinary times paid little attention to affairs. Her more resolute admirers say that she was so conscientious that she took weeks to consider a matter. She was, in point of fact, a thorough patriot, eager to maintain the work of her father; but most of her time was spent in the preservation of her health and beauty and the satisfaction of her insatiable thirst for pleasure. Her toilet took several hours every day, and it did not generally begin before midday, as she was apt to sit up with her intimate friends until the early hours of the morning. It is said that she drank heavily in her later years. Her chief passion was for dress and entertainment. In a palace fire she lost four thousand costly dresses, yet there were fifteen thousand in her wardrobe when she died. She had a large and opulent figure—a little too opulent as time went on—a face with few rivals in Russia, charming blue eyes and dark-golden hair.

One of her characteristics was a love of dressing as a soldier or sailor. She had a good warrant for this in the example of her parents; and, to say the truth, she thought no lady of her court could match her in male dress. So fancy-balls became very frequent, and Elizabeth, who was still fond of dancing and hunting until she grew too heavy, made a handsome Dutch sailor or colonel of the guard. She would change her garments three times in a ball, a dozen times in a day. Like the Empress Anne, she set her face against the old Russian debauches, and was for a French elegance, or a poor imitation of it. Luxury of every kind she encouraged, until the court shone with diamonds and gold brocade; and for her operas, singers were brought from the ends of Europe. Reading was bad for the health, she said, and she avoided it.

She was, and always had been, very pious. There she differed emphatically from her father, and the orthodox clergy fell furiously upon dissenters and seceders. She observed the fasts rigourously; she knelt in prayer until she fainted; and she had a great veneration for the relics of the saints and holy places. To the end, she made pilgrimages afoot to famous shrines like the Troitsa monastery. In her youth she had made the journey in a day, and had had a lover to meet her there. Now she

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would walk out a few miles from Moscow—the court spent one year in four at Moscow—then ride back to the city, and begin her pilgrimage on the morrow at the point where she had left it the day before. It often took weeks to make a pilgrimage. She insisted so closely on decency that one day, as she prayed in church, it occurred to her that the angels painted on the walls were really cupids, and she had them repainted. Her own gallantries we will see later.

With all this she, as I said, paid substantial attention to the interests of Russia. Sweden had collapsed in the late struggle, but Chétardie and Lestocq were instructed to induce her to be generous and give it some of the territory taken from it. It is generally difficult to disentangle the action of a sovereign from that of her advisers, and Elizabeth may have more credit for firmness than she deserves. She, at all events, refused, and the war went on until Sweden was crushed. Russia kept a large part of Finland. At last intercepted letters made it plain to the Empress that the gallant French marquis who bowed and flattered her was really trying to injure Russia in the interest of his country, and he had to go. She was, however, still infatuated with France and her French doctor, though Count Bestuzheff, who became her chief adviser, persistently warned her against France. Lestocq, who took bribes from all powers and fancied himself a master of intrigue, now, with the aid of the French minister, made a desperate attempt to win her.

Elizabeth's chief rival in good looks was Natalia Lapukhina, a noble lady of equal freedom in manners and morals who had viciously tormented Elizabeth when she was the Cinderella of the court. To her surprise she had been, at the coronation, made a Lady-in-Waiting. But she remained insolent, and at a ball she appeared in a pink robe and with pink roses in her hair; and pink was understood to be an imperial monopoly at Elizabeth's court. Elizabeth's temper was much shorter than her prayers. Many a maid got the heavy imperial slipper across her mouth for talking when the Empress dozed on her couch, and her language at times resembled that of the guards. She had a buffoon cruelly tortured for playing a trick which frightened and upset her. She now fell furiously upon the audacious Lady-in-Waiting. She sent for scissors, made her kneel while she cut off the roses (and hair along with them), and cuffed her twice across the face. "Serves her right," she said, when they told her that the countess had fainted. To her bosom friend the Countess Bestuzheva, wife of the elder Bestuzheff, Natalia often told what she thought of the Empress, and in both families the talk over the tea was mildly seditious. Lestocq got his agents to ply Natalia's son, young Colonel Lapukhina, with drink and learn it.

And on July 21, 1743, the physician rushed to the palace with a report of a conspiracy. Elizabeth lived in daily dread of a conspiracy, knowing how easy such things were in Russia. She cowered behind a hedge of soldiers and let Lestocq arrest whom he would. She had humanely abolished torture and the death sentence; but this was a different matter. Natalia and her husband and a score of others were imprisoned, and the old torture-chamber rang again with the shrieks of delicate women whose limbs were stretched until they cracked. It is said, but it is difficult to believe, that Elizabeth was secretly at hand to hear their confessions. There was, in fact, no conspiracy to confess, but Lestocq was one of the commissioners appointed to examine the prisoners, and Elizabeth was stung by the table-talk that was wrung from them. One of the women was pregnant, and the Empress was asked to spare her the torture. "She did not spare me," said the daughter of Peter the Great.

They were all condemned to death. For ten days Elizabeth lingered over the sentence, but in the end she observed her own decree. She commuted the sentences to exile, flogging, and mutilation. Natalia Lapukhina, a beautiful woman in

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the prime of life, was partly stripped before an immense crowd, and brutally knouted. She sank, covered with blood, to the floor of the scaffold, and the executioner roughly finished his work, and, with a brutal laugh, offered to sell her tongue to the highest bidder. Countess Bestuzheff slipped a bribe into the man's hands. The lash fell less heavily on her white back, and less of her tongue was cut out. The mutilated wretches went the worn way to Siberia and the North. Count Michael Bestuzheff, who was innocent, was despatched on a foreign embassy. Alexis, at whom the French had chiefly aimed, was untouched. He was astute as well as able.

At the end of the year Elizabeth transferred the court to Moscow, and prepared it for a new sensation. She had chosen a bride, or a girl to be trained as bride, for her wastrel of a nephew. After her weakness for France, which was then a deadly rival of Russia, came a weakness for Frederick the Great, who was far more cynical and crafty in his professions of friendship and determination to sacrifice Russia's interests to his own. He flattered Elizabeth, and laughed at her. Hearing that there was question of a future empress, he strongly recommended the daughter of the Prince of Anhalt-Zerbst, one of his own generals. A courier sped to the little court where Sophia Augusta Frederika lived quietly with her mother, and that lady, a remarkably ambitious person for her station in life, hurried to St. Petersburg and on to Moscow. Both Peter and Elizabeth were indecently impatient to see the bride-elect, and they professed themselves entirely satisfied with the quick-eyed, precocious maiden of fourteen who would one day be Catherine the Great.

The years that followed were filled with the European struggle, which does not much concern us here. The capture of the letters of Chétardie exposed the machinations of both France and Prussia. Elizabeth found herself described as living in a state of "voluptuous lethargy," and her passion for France and Frederick suddenly chilled. Alexis Bestuzheff became her chief counsellor, and inclined her toward England and Austria. The court was honeycombed by intrigue, and even the favourite Lestocq was at length (1748) detected in his treachery. He was put to the torture and banished.

Elizabeth was not long drawn out of her "voluptuous lethargy." In fact, the attainment of middle age seemed to bring back the looseness of her youth, and her lovers were the jest of the courts of Europe. One of her pages, Ivan Shuvaloff, was promoted and placed in apartments near those of the Empress. Ivan took his good fortune modestly, but the customary tribe of relatives appeared and blossomed into wealthy and influential courtiers. Count Bestuzheff and others were alarmed, and they put in the way of the Empress a very handsome young amateur actor named Beketoff. Elizabeth genially added the youth to the intimate circle which caroused in her room at night, but Peter Schuvaloff, uncle of the earlier favourite, did not like the prospect. The more credible version of his action is that he met young Beketoff one day, and, impressing upon him how much the Empress liked to see her favourites fresh and healthy, gave him a box of ointment for his face. There was in the stuff something which caused an eruption of the skin, and his condition was represented to the Empress in such a light that she fled.

The later years of the reign were filled with the inevitable Prussian war. After years of diplomatic struggle Elizabeth, in 1756, concluded an alliance with England. To her great disgust, and Bestuzheff's grave danger, England then formed an alliance with Frederick, and the French redoubled their efforts to oust Bestuzheff and recover the friendship of Russia. By this time the Princess Catherine openly disdained her husband and went her own way. For years the Empress, eager to see an heir to the throne she would leave to Peter, tried to bring them together, but each hated the other, and Catherine found consolation

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elsewhere. In 1754, however, Catherine had a son who was presumed to be a Romanoff. Elizabeth fell ill, and Bestuzheff, believing that she would die, approached Catherine, through her latest lover Poniatowski, and suggested that he could make her Empress and she should support his anti-French and anti-Prussian policy.

Elizabeth recovered, however, and declared that the good of the world demanded the destruction of Frederick of Prussia, who had said caustic things about her. The Seven Years War opened, and Russia joined France and Austria against Prussia. The Russian army under General Apraksin won a great victory, and then, instead of pressing it, retired. Now this coincided with a second serious illness of the Empress, and the French envoy raised a cry of treachery. Vorontsoff, who waited impatiently for the official shoes of Count Bestuzheff, and hated Catherine, joined the French in demanding an inquiry. Bestuzheff's papers were searched, and it was found that he had been in communication with Catherine. A plot was easily constructed out of this material. Bestuzheff was to raise Catherine's baby to the throne and make her Regent; and Apraksin's troops were withdrawn toward the capital for the event of the death of Elizabeth.

Catherine in later years looked back with a shudder upon that critical time. Bestuzheff contrived to send her word that he had burned her letters, and there was no danger, but she saw a very serious danger. She wrote to Elizabeth, and for weeks she received no answer. At last she was summoned to the Empress's room. Her enemy, Alexis Shuvaloff, was with the Empress, her husband, another enemy, waited in the room, and on the table she saw letters that she had written to Apraksin. They were innocent letters, but what right had she to communicate with commanders in the field, as if she were already Empress? With tears and prayers she mollified the angry Empress, and her enemies were beaten. Apraksin died of "apoplexy," and Bestuzheff was compelled to retire to his estates.

For the brief remainder of the reign of the Empress Elizabeth, Catherine went warily. Elizabeth, who was little beyond her fiftieth birthday, would not control her appetites, and her health slowly departed. She became a chronic invalid, and would lie for hours on a couch admiring the little babe, Paul, who would carry on the line of the Romanoffs. Some misgiving in regard to the future seemed to trouble her. Peter, though a Romanoff, was emphatically and brutally German. He lived in an entirely German atmosphere—an atmosphere of smoke and beer-fumes and Teutonic disdain of everything Russian. Catherine, on the other hand, had developed into a thorough Russian. Her strong sense and feeling of policy told her to eradicate all Germanism from her composition and wholly transnationalise herself. Peter had an immense admiration of Prussia and Frederick, while Catherine was a Russian patriot.

And Elizabeth hated Prussia. Throughout her last years she kept alive the League against Frederick and spurred her generals in the struggle. Frederick sought peace, and she refused it. France and Russia became faint under their efforts and sacrifices, and she lashed them to the task. All through the year 1761 her strength ebbed, and she saw Frederick sinking from defeat to defeat. Would death spare her to see Prussia crushed? Would that unhappy nephew take over her power before her work was completed, and spare his idol? Her own ministers drooped, and her resources wore thin, but she cried for decisive and utter victory. In December a fit of coughing brought on hemorrhage, and she entered the last stage. She died on January 11, 1762, in the fifty-third year of her age, by no means the least picturesque figure of the Romanoff gallery of monarchs.

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LIFE AND THE THEATRE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

THE quickest answer to the question, "What is the purpose of art?", would come with the retort courteous, "What is the purpose of life?"; for both aims are indeed identical, since art is nothing else than the quintessence of life.

The purpose of life has been discussed ever since the human race became articulate; and an adequate review of this discussion would require a *résumé* of all the great religions of the world. Without attempting to cover the entire subject, the present writer asks permission to offer an opinion concerning what appear to him to be the noblest and the meanest answers to this all-important question.

The most ignoble definition of the purpose of life—with the exception, of course, of that definition which is proffered at the present moment by the German Kaiser and his tributary deity—was formulated, in fairly recent times, by the Puritans of England and the Calvinists of Scotland. According to the concept of these dour, sour, glowering religionists, this world is nothing but a vale of tears, through which a man should slink whining, like a beaten dog with his tail between his legs, in the hope of being caught up subsequently into a nobler and a better life which shall offer to him a renewal of those opportunities for positive appreciation which, on principle, he had neglected throughout the pitiful and wasted period of his sojourn upon earth. The Puritans and Calvinists warned their devotees against the lure of beauty, and branded it as an ensnarement of the devil; and, by this token, they are damned, if there is such a sentence as damnation in the supreme court of everlasting law.

The noblest answer to the basic question, "What is the purpose of life?", was asseverated by the noblest men who ever lived,—those great Athenians who crowned this earth with their Acropolis, two thousand and four hundred years ago. These men asserted that our world should be regarded as a valley of soul-making,—a sort of training-camp for infinite futurity, in which the individual should find an opportunity to indicate his worthiness to live, by accepting every offered chance to prove himself alive.

That lovely and lasting phrase, "the valley of soul-making," was not invented by the ancient Greeks: it was formulated by John Keats, who is their true apostle to all modern nations, and, because of that, the greatest poet of recent centuries. It was Keats, also, who was destined to remind a forgetful world that "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty," and that both of these ideals are identical with the ideal of Righteousness. There is one God, in three aspects:—Beauty, which appeals to the emotions; Truth, which appeals to the intellect; Righteousness, which appeals to the conscience. This is the Gospel according to John Keats: this is the Law and the Prophets.

If this world—according to the ancient Greeks—is to be regarded as a valley of soul-making, and if—according to the apostolic vision of John Keats—there is no basic difference between Beauty, Truth, and Righteousness, it becomes the duty of every transient visitor to this valley to develop—in the little time allotted to him—what Mr. Kipling has described as "the makin's of a bloomin' soul," by keeping his spirit at all moments responsive and awake to every drifting evidence of what is True or Beautiful or Right.

This conception of the world as a training-camp which offers an appren-

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ticeship for infinite futurity is an idea which appeals very strongly to the present writer at the present moment. It may not be absolute, but it is at least inspiriting,—more inspiriting, indeed, than most of the other ideals that have been offered by a searching study of all the great religions of the world.

If the purpose of life is to prove ourselves alive, in order to indicate our fitness for continuing to live in some hypothetical domain where second chances are accorded in the future, it behooves us to live as intensely and convincingly as possible throughout that fleeting period of three score years and ten which is allotted to us, on the average, in this immediate valley of soul-making.

It is only at infrequent intervals throughout our period of living that the best of us is able to feel himself to be alive. Sir Thomas Browne has penned an eloquent comment on this fact, in the concluding section of his famous *Letter to a Friend,* in which he says,—"And surely if we deduct all those days of our life which we might wish unlived, and which abate the comfort of those we now live; if we reckon up only those days which God hath accepted of our lives, a life of good years will hardly be a span long." There is also—in the record of eternal literature—a comparatively recent poem by John Masefield, called *Biography,* in which the poet, bemoaning the ironic chance that many inconsiderable days in his experience may be reduced by his biographer "to lists of dates and facts," celebrates with lyric eloquence the unrecorded dates of several magnificent impressions and expressions of the soul which would escape the merely secondary apperceptiveness of any scholarly investigator.

The purpose of life appears to be to live while yet we may—as the poet Tasso told us, in one of the most forlorn and lovely passages of lyric literature,—to seize every fleeting opportunity for feeling and asserting that we are alive, in order to indicate our fitness for continuing to live in some hypothetic future region, "beyond the loom of the last lone star through open darkness hurled." Immortality, in order to be won, should be deserved; and no man is worthy of eternal life unless he has accepted every chance for living that has been offered to him in his transitory progress throughout this drear but dreamful valley of soul-making.

We feel ourselves to be alive only at those divided and ecstatic moments when we overwhelmingly become aware of the identity of Beauty, Truth, and Righteousness, and thereby undergo an instant flash of cosmic consciousness. It is evermore our purpose to repeat these moments. We desire to live, in order to feel and to prove ourselves to be alive. Many of us follow false allurements—drink or drugs, religion or the unspontaneous and manufactured fire of simulated love; but if such mortals fail in their pursuit, their failure should be written down to inexperience and not necessarily to conscious abnegation of a floating and far-off ideal. "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty"; and this axiom is so augustly sound that it is nobler to faint and fall in the pursuit of some *ignis fatuus* of truth or beauty than to slink through all experience reservèdly, like a cringing cur with tail between the legs.

In the experience of the average man—whose acuteness of perception in the intellectual, emotional, or moral sphere is merely ordinary—the actuality of living offers only infrequent and wistful opportunities for life. For this reason, he is required to rely on art, to present to him those opportunities for life that he has missed. Art extracts the quintessence of life, and serves it up freely to millions of men who, because of their own dulness, have not been able to extract it for themselves. Art offers, to the average man, the only royal road [or short-cut] to an appreciation of all the wonders of this valley of soul-making, and affords him the only available opportunity to experience the sense of life vicariously.

This, then, is the excuse for art, and the answer to any theoretic question that seeks to probe its purpose:—the aim of

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art is to provide a sense of life for men who, in themselves, are not sufficiently alive to create art by their very living.

We may come now—as a corollary of this thesis—to consider the proper function of the theatre. The theatre exists—in theory—as an institution which promises to provide the ordinary man with a keen impression of life, in exchange for two dollars of money and two hours of time. The theater promises the public a more instant and intense sensation of the miracle of life than is usually offered in a month of living. The average man has only a few years to live—in this valley of soul-making; and if he can save a day, a month, or possibly a year by going to the theatre, he is more than willing—as the phrase is—to "take a chance." But in response to this fidelity, which can only be regarded as idealistic, the theatre incurs and is required to assume the duty of offering to the average man the promised taste of life.

There are two ways in which the theatre can furnish to the public a vicarious experience of life: first, by imitation, and, second, by suggestion. The first method is employed by the realists, and the second method is employed by the romantics. This is not a time to argue concerning the respective merits of these two contrasted methods: it is sufficient, in the present context, to state that neither method can succeed in practice unless it shall convince the public that the two hours required for the traffic of the stage have been spent more profitably in the theatre than they might have been spent elsewhere.

The average spectator—disappointed, for the moment, by his individual experience of living at large—attends the theatre in the hope of quickening his consciousness of life. He wants the play to happen not so much upon the stage as in himself. He goes to the theatre—quite literally—to enjoy himself:—that is to say,—his own contributive response of emotion and of thought. The play must happen *to him;* or else, by his judgment, the play must be dismissed as a failure. He is seeking an opportunity to live and to feel himself alive; and, if this opportunity is not accorded to him, he will warn his friends away from the production that he has attended.

For this reason, a realistic play that invites the quick response of recognition for facts that have been faithfully observed must carry out the letter of its contract; and a romantic play, which pretends, without reliance on admitted and accepted facts, to suggest some evident, irrefutable law of nature, must also convince the members of the audience that they have really witnessed vicariously a vision of life itself, as life is generally understood.

Nothing, in the theatre, can ever be successful unless it offers some vicarious experience of life. The best-made play will fail, unless it affords some suggestion of life that is more potent than its emphasis on mechanism. The popularity of actresses and actors is measured by the extent of their ability to seem alive. This ability, in many cases, may result from training and experience; in many other cases, it may result more directly from that inexplicable power which is commonly described as "personality." Life is what the public seeks, in going to the theatre, and the appearance, or else the illusion, of life is what it welcomes and rewards in those who exert themselves behind the footlights.

The same distinction may be recognised in studying the effect upon our public of the many non-dramatic entertainments that are offered in our theatre. Take the Hippodrome, for instance, in which no attempt is made to present what is commonly regarded as a play. In the course of the current "show" at the Hippodrome, the response of the public may be rated directly in proportion to the sense of life that is suggested by the various numbers. The scene which depicts the departure of a troop-ship from New York arouses great enthusiasm because all male America at present may be dichotomised into men who are about to go to France and men

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who would like to go. The members of the Mallia Troupe of comic baggage-smashers amuse the public, because their antics exhibit merely a logical exaggeration of the method that is commonly employed by express companies in handling personal property. The evolutions of the Berber Troupe of acrobats arouse enthusiasm because they stimulate every spectator to an imaginary emulative exercise of similar dexterity and grace. But, on the other hand, those numbers on the programme which offer to the public a vision of anything less vivid and less real than the public previously has experienced, fall dead,—because they are unable to compete against a conscious and embattled sense of life.

SNAP-SHOTS OF ENGLISH AUTHORS: G. K. C.

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

Is IT for himself or the people
That he sets off these fireworks?
One sees him materialise from the shadows
A Brobdingnag pygmy or a Lilliput giant
Jovially cursitating in the moidering flare
Of pinwheels that whiz back on themselves,
Or silhouetted against Gargantuan set-pieces
Whose knights become windmills; whose anarchists, kings.
There is always the titillating dread
Of his patting or clutching too long
The tail of some hair-trigger sky-rocket.
Would it burst and bemuse him with suns
Or lift him and land him in—
Mystical earwigs,
What thimblerig Heaven, what Amalthæan Heil?

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THE MASTERY OF SURPRISE

BY BLANCHE COLTON WILLIAMS

"WE MUST have stories with a 'punch,'" declares the editor.

"An unexpected twist at the end—that's what I like!" says the average reader.

"Give me some shock of heaven or hell!" demands the critic.

The reader of short stories expects, nowadays, the surprise ending. Rather is he surprised if he fails to find it. He feels as insipid, and judges as commonplace, the ending, which however strong and logical, contains not some unlooked for element. The ideal dénouement is striking yet natural; the unexpected, unnatural ending is as absurd as the simple, natural solution is too "easy." Yet notwithstanding that this is the era of the surprise dénouement—for it finds its greatest development in the twentieth century—it made classics of at least two stories long before 1900. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Marjorie Daw" is nigh unto fifty years of age; de Maupassant's "Necklace" is somewhat younger. Among the masters following Aldrich and de Maupassant are O. Henry, Leonard Merrick, William Wymarck Jacobs, and a few prominent disciples. Hosts of minor writers are learning this trick of the trade.

Everybody knows the letters that Edward Delaney, "at the Pines, near Rye, New Hampshire," wrote to his friend John Flemming, who lay abed of a broken leg, in West Thirty-eighth Street, New York. And everybody knows that the young woman so delicately yet so powerfully described as to catch the fancy of Flemming did not, after all, exist. And nearly everybody remembers that it is the very last sentence which reveals the hoax Delaney has played, and the consequences of which he has fled to escape: "For oh, dear Jack, there isn't any colonial mansion on the other side of the road, there isn't any piazza, there isn't any hammock—there isn't any Marjorie Daw!"

Not everybody recognises, however, nor for some time did story writers themselves seem to recognise, that this dénouement is but an instance of a general method. It is being used frequently now. Deceit practised by one character upon another need not be revealed until the end of the story. Such deceit may be unpleasant or pleasant. Now, the reader of "Marjorie Daw" just escapes the bitterest disappointment; but, fortunately, he may guess before the dénouement what Flemming did not foresee—and will, therefore, find compensation in his own superiority, or in Flemming's discomfiture. Even if he does not begin to suspect Delaney's ruse, still he finds consolation in the fact that Flemming was hoaxed: Misery loves company.

This first general means of creating surprise, O. Henry employed—with variations—in "The Furnished Room," "The Caballero's Way" (wherein disguise enters, by way of carrying out the deceit), "Lost on Dress Parade," and elsewhere. The best example of the type, perhaps, is "The Furnished Room." The story opens with a young man who is searching among the tenements in a squalid section of New York. At the last house he takes lodgings.

> As the housekeeper moved away he put for the thousandth time the question that he carried at the end of his tongue:
>
> "A young girl—Miss Vashner—Miss Eloise Vashner—do you remember such a one among your lodgers? She would be singing on the stage, most likely. A fair girl of medium height and slender, with reddish, gold hair, and a dark mole near her left eyebrow."
>
> "No, I don't remember the name, . . ." the housekeeper deliberately replies.

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The story continues with the young man's despair, the visitation of the mignonette ghost and the suicide.

Then comes the revelation of the deceit:

It was Mrs. McCool's night to go with the can for beer. So she fetched it and sat with Mrs. Purdy in one of those subterranean retreats where housekeepers foregather and the worm dieth seldom.

"I rented out my third floor back this evening," said Mrs. Purdy across a fine circle of foam. "A young man took it. He went up to bed two hours ago."

"Now, did ye, Mrs. Purdy, ma'am?" said Mrs. McCool with intense admiration. "You do be a wonder for rentin' rooms of that kind. And did ye tell him, then?" She concluded in a husky whisper laden with mystery.

"Rooms," said Mrs. Purdy in her furriest tones, "are furnished for to rent. I did not tell him, Mrs. McCool."

"'Tis right ye are, ma'am; 'tis by renting rooms we keep alive. . . . There be many people will rejict the rentin' of a room if they be tould a suicide has been after dyin' in the bed of it."

"As you say, we has our living to be making," remarked Mrs. Purdy.

"Yis, ma'am, 'tis true. 'Tis just one wake this day I helped ye lay out the third floor back. A pretty slip of a colleen she was to be killin' herself with the gas—a swate little face she had, Mrs. Purdy, ma'am."

"She'd a-been called handsome, as you say," said Mrs. Purdy, assenting but critical, "but for that mole she had a-growin' by her left eyebrow. . . ."

The shock of this ending is dependent on Mrs. Purdy's lie. The reader is not hoaxed, or cheated, however; for the tragedy she concealed, outweighing the secondary consideration of the falsehood, staggers one by its importance and impresses by its fitness. Moreover, the narrator dares use abundant clues. The personality of the woman is such that one may suspect her of lying, even before the act; the suggestion in the fragrance of mignonette confirms the suspicion that Eloise Vashner has occupied the third floor back. Further, by keeping the spotlight on the young man—until the final shift—the author makes easier the working of the deceit.

The influence of "Marjorie Daw" is traceable also in the stories of Leonard Merrick. This English writer's own testimony indicates as much:

I never hear the absorbing art of the conte mentioned without my thoughts darting to a short story that I read more than twenty years ago and have never seen since. Sometimes I wonder whether I have been unconsciously influenced by it in determining the form of several of my own experiments in this field of fiction. It happens occasionally that I am paid the high compliment of being told that as a short-story writer I "owe much to an attentive study of the methods of Maupassant and Anatole France." And then I have not the least hesitation in saying that I owe nothing at all to it. But I would not declare with such certainty that I owe nothing to the swirl of enthusiasm that I felt as a boy on the afternoon that I read Thomas Bailey Aldrich's Marjorie Daw. . . . —*New York Times,* Jan. 25, 1914.

Mr. Merrick's surprises, as mere exercises of the technical gymnast, are marvels of cleverness. Consider, for example, his "Tragedy of a Comic Song." Before summarising the plot and discussing the dénouement let us glance at the beginning and observe the whimsical manner:

I like to monopolise a table in a restaurant, unless a friend is with me, so I resented the young man's presence. Besides he had a melancholy face. If it hadn't been for the piano-organ, I don't suppose I should have spoken to him. As the organ that was afflicting Lisle Street began to volley a comic song of a day that was dead, he started.

"That tune!" he murmured in French. If I did not deceive myself tears sprang to his eyes.

I was curious. Certainly, on both sides of the Channel we had long ago had more than enough of the tune. That the young

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Frenchman should wince at the tune I understood. But that he should weep!

. . . I smiled sympathetically. "We suffered from it over here as well," I remarked.

"I did not know," he said in English that reproved my French, "it was sung in London, also—'Partant pour le Moulin?'"

. . . "Monsieur, it is my 'istory, that comic tune!"

The narrative told by the gentleman centred about three young people: the poet Tricotrin, the composer Pitou, and the singer Paulette Fleury. Poet and composer, each in love with the girl, made for her the song, "Partant pour le Moulin." The *raconteur* concluded:

"Listen! when they have gone to call on her one afternoon, she was not at 'ome. What had happened? I shall tell you! There was a noodle, rich—what you call a 'Johnnie in the Stalls'—who became infatuated with her at the Ambassadeurs. . . . Well, she was not at 'ome because she had married him. . . .

"What a moment! Figure yourself what they had suffered—both! They had worshipped her; they had made sacrifices for her; they had created for her her grand success; and as a consequence of that song, she was the wife of the 'Johnnie in the Stalls'!"

As he finished, he heard again the strains of the tune floating up from the street.

"I cannot bear it," he murmured. "The associations are too pathetic."

"They must be harrowing," I said. "Before you go, there is one thing I should like to ask you, if I may. Have I had the honour of meeting Monsieur Tricotrin, or Monsieur Pitou?"

He stroked his hat and gazed at me in sad surprise. "Oh, but neither, Monsieur," he groaned. "The associations are much more 'arrowing than that—I was the 'Johnnie in the Stalls'!"

It is clear that the surprise in this last line results from a new turn. The man who told the story did deceive, it is true, but he did so by implication, trusting to a false inference on the part of his auditor. The reader does not enjoy the story less because—on retrospect—he indulges the suspicion that the stranger was "working off" a trick, quite consciously, upon his friend of the restaurant. But more important with respect to the surprise of the reader are these truths: First, the author has skilfully employed the "angle of narration" or "point of view"—in the technically narrative sense; second, he has calculated on the reader's expectancy of a more conventional conclusion. As the story progresses the reader is sure—as the auditor was sure—that the tearful gentleman is one of the rejected suitors. All the details seem to bear him out in this assurance. But the ending offers an entirely different reason for the tears.

This means of effecting surprise has been employed recently in a story by Holworthy Hall ("The Luck of the Devil," *Century*, June, 1916); it was thoroughly understood by O. Henry, as anyone may deduce from a study of "The Hiding of Black Bill." The tactics in all three stories are identical. O. Henry elsewhere takes advantage of the well-known principle that a reader helps to invent the story. O. Henry grants this privilege, and then by his own actual ending shows the reader that he, the author, has not fallen back on the hackneyed situation and obvious conclusion the reader has constructed in a too conventional way. "Girl" is an excellent illustration.

The first scene is in the law office of Robbins and Hartley. A man with an air of mystery about him enters and speaks to Hartley: "I've found out where she lives." Then he presents the name, Vivienne Arlington, and the address. Hartley shortly afterward leaves the office and makes his way to the Vallombrosa apartment house. He finds Vivienne in. Observe the description of Vivienne:

[She] was about twenty-one. She was of the purest Saxon type. Her hair was a ruddy golden, each filament of the neatly gathered mass shining with its own lustre and delicate gradation of colour. In per-

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fect harmony were her ivory-clear complexion and deep-sea blue eyes.

Hartley reproaches her for not having answered his letter. By this time the reader is somewhat puzzled, wondering whether Hartley's design is laudable. When he recalls meeting her at the Montgomerys', he gives the reader a clue, "I shall never forget that supper!" There is a hint of complication in the question he puts to her:

"Is there anybody else?"

There is. Mr. Rafford Townsend is coming for his answer. Hartley goes out, meets Townsend in the hall, and declares by the law of the jungle that the kill is his.

After he goes back "to his wooing" there is a hint of further complication.

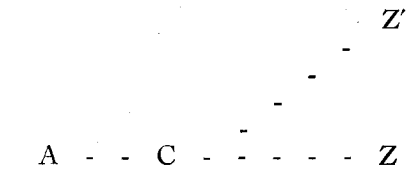
"Do you think I would enter your house while Heloise is there?"

"She shall go," he declares, "I will send her away to-night."

Then follows the dramatic climax, "My answer is yes; come for me when you will!"

The swift drop to the dénouement shows Hartley one hour and forty minutes later at his suburban home. He is met by a woman who runs gladly to meet him. Hartley whispers to her. "Oh, Mamma!" she cries ecstatically, "Vivienne is coming to cook for us. . . . Go down, Billy, and discharge Heloise. She has been drunk again the whole day long."

Now, there is no earthly reason why two servants should not have the names of Vivienne and Heloise. But conventions in literature, which follow conventions in life, do not usually regard these as instances of typical nomenclature. Bridget and Becky are the conventional representatives. But O. Henry caught his opportunity for securing material out of the incongruous. It is incongruous that a beautiful cook should live in the Vallombrosa. So far as fairness to the reader is concerned, the surprise is better than that of "Marjorie Daw"; so far as possibilities are concerned, the result is better than "Goliath." There, the origin is out. For Aldrich's story by this title counts for its effect on the reader's assumption that a dog by the name of Goliath must of necessity be a giant. O. Henry repeated this surprise formula in "October and June." Gouverneur Morris played with it brilliantly in "Suffrage in the Wild-wood" (*Cosmopolitan,* March, 1916). The method may be represented in diagram:



A Z is the course of the story as the author devised it. But the reader falling upon a false clue at C, let us say, a clue derived for the most part from his reliance on the hackneyed, constructs the story in his own manner and foresees an ending at Z'! He receives a shock on leaping from Z' to Z.

Besides, open deceit, implied deceit, clever management of the "angle of narration," and the reliance on a reader's sense of convention to finish the story differently from the author's plan, there is a final patent trick. It may be regarded, even, as a blanket method, covering under its folds the cases mentioned above. A surprise may be effected by lifting an event or fact out of its natural order, and placing it at the end of the story. There, if suspense has been adequately handled, its effect is in proportion to the time it has been withheld. Plot order and method of narration are both responsible for the shock. If A, B, C and so on down to Z represent the regular sequence of events, then an important point—represented by any letter—may be deferred and placed after Z. Thus:

A - - - - - - - Z (N).

This is the method which is most outstanding in "The Necklace," in O.

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Henry's "Double Dyed Deceiver," and in Jacobs's "The Third String." The former as the pioneer deserves attention. Madame Loisel borrowed from Madame Forestier a diamond necklace. Having lost it, she replaced it with another. For the new necklace she paid a large sum, and then worked ten years to repay it. At the end of the time she learned that the first necklace was paste. She would have found this out in the usual course of events, when she borrowed the necklace, or when she replaced it. Why was it that she did not find out? A careful reading of the story will justify the assertion that although there are two "scenes" between the ladies, there is no reason why, in either, Madame Forestier should have mentioned that the necklace was not genuine. On the other hand, it would have been natural enough had Madame Forestier said, "It's only paste; your delay does not matter." If she had done so, however, the story would not have existed. It is, then, the withholding of the fact that makes the astounding dénouement, joined, as it is, to the method of narration which keeps in prominence the figure of Madame Loisel.

These, then, are the chief methods of creating surprise* They are found usually in combination—as the adduced examples indicate—but they may operate singly; they are employed again and again, but not always with ease or distinction. Obviously, some character in the story may be surprised, and with him the reader; or the reader may be the only one not "in the secret"; again, the reader may find out what some character never learns. But whatever the nature of the surprise, pleasant or unpleasant, to character alone or reader alone, or both, it should enhance the comedy of a humourous story and the tragedy of the one that is gruesome. Though unexpected, it should be natural. It should stand the test, always, by a second reading of the story which will corroborate fair dealing on the part of the author.

*It is true that a pun may be at the basis of surprise; for example, see O. Henry's "Ransom of Mack." It is also true that a character's forgetfulness may be exaggerated, to end a farcical story in a humourously fitting style; as, for example, in "The Romance of a Busy Broker." But these causes for surprise are trivial, and usually so work as to leave the reader with a "sold out" feeling. By their very nature they have not been adapted to the more pretentious conte. Some of these narartives dependent on lapse of memory are mere farcical anecdotes, as "From the Cabby's Seat."

SNAP-SHOTS OF AMERICAN NOVELISTS

DELAND

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

How thrilling but hard
For the spirit of old New England
To act young,
For the rock to compromise
With the moss,
Warm heart of a woman
Smiling through granite lips.

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THE MASQUE OF POETS*

EDITED BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

CALYPSO

WANDERER, we must part—so the gods decree.
You must go again to Ithaca.
The cold green waves will wash you of the memory of me,
Breaking on the coast of Ithaca.
Built we a house of dreams, beautiful in seeming,
But for those the Thunderer wakes there is no more dreaming.
Go now, spread your sail, turn your prow to sea—
Yonder lies your way to Ithaca.

Theirs is to obey whom the gods command—
Holy is the hearth in Ithaca.
Home and harvest are waiting for your hand—
Fruitful are the fields of Ithaca.
Love the life you chose while it still is yours for living
Lest the jealous gods recall the treasures of their giving.
Passes our dream like our footprints in the sand—
Granite are the cliffs of Ithaca.

I have sent him back at the gods' decree—
I have sent him back to Ithaca.
Never will I walk again beside the twilight sea
On the shore that looks toward Ithaca
Lest the wind should bring to him a breath of days gone by,
Of the beauty and the sorrow of his madness, that was I—
Peace to him and his, O Zeus! I ask no more of thee.
Peace upon that home in Ithaca!

**"The Masque of Poets" is made up of the following contributors: Thomas Walsh, Witter Bynner, Margaret Widdemer, Amelia Josephine Burr, Anna Hempstead Branch, William Rose Benét, Sarah N. Cleghorn, William Alexander Percy, Christopher Morley, Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Vincent O'Sullivan, John Gould Fletcher, Grace Hazard Conkling, Sara Teasdale, George Sterling, Harriet Monroe, Edgar Lee Masters, Arthur Davison Ficke, Bliss Carman, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Lincoln Colcord, William Stanley Braithwaite, Conrad Aiken, Josephine Preston Peabody, Amy Lowell, Charles Wharton Stork, Edward J. O'Brien. The series has continued throughout the year, and in the November number, the poems, given hitherto anonymously, will be listed with their authors' names.*

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FATHERLAND

Come fingered as a friend, O Death!
Unfrock me, flesh and bone;
These frills of smile and moan,
These laces, traces, all unpin;
These veins that net me in,
This ever lassoing breath,
Remove from me,
If here is aught to free!

To know these hills nor wait for feet!
O Earth, to be thy child at last!
Thy roads all mine, and no white gate
Inevitably fast!

To enter where thy banquets are
When storms are called to feast;
And find thy hidden pantry stair
When Spring with thee would guest;

Into thine attic windows step
From humbled Himalays,
And round thy starry cornice creep
Waylaying deities;

Though for my hand
Space hold out spheres like roses, and
Like country lanes her orbits blow—
My Earth, I know,
If thou be green and blossom still,
That I must downward go;
Leave stars to keep
House as they will;
The winds to walk or turn and sleep,
Seas to spare or kill;
Behind my back shall sunsets burn
Bereft of my concern;
Each wonder passed
Shall feed my haste,
Till I have paused, as now,
Beneath a bending orchard bough,—
An April apple-bough,
Where southern waters creep.

THE EMBERS SPEAK

I was the acorn that fell
From the autumn bough
In the warm earth to dwell;
I grew to a branch somehow;

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And I waved in the nightly storm,
  And sheltered the kine
When the hills were yellow and warm
  With the noon divine.

I, too, 'mid the sheathing moss
  Felt the axe's blow,
And fell, with a thunderous loss
  Of the stars I know
And the clouds that sift no more
  Through my shattered limbs;
Save where the hearthstones roar
  And the dying ember dims.

CASUALS, ROMANCE, AND LITTLE BROWN BOXES

BEING A SHORT COMMENT ON "CASUALS OF THE SEA," AND ON WILLIAM McFEE, ITS AUTHOR*

BY WILSON FOLLETT

THERE must be a few happy conscientious persons who can compete in eulogy of this remarkable book without having to suspect themselves of inventing or exaggerating their views for the occasion. With those few, the owner of this pen may fairly claim a place; for, long before there was any thought of competition, the same unassuming steel did itself the honour to recognise *Casuals of the Sea* as "by all odds the most notable recent work of fiction from an author not previously known," "a movingly sad, not exactly a tragic tale of lovable ineffectual people hunting for a lost clue to life." Now that those quite disinterested words stand committed to irrevocable page-proof, it is something more than a pleasure to turn back and amplify what they tried to express about Mr. McFee as artist, philosopher, and friend.

*Casuals of the Sea: The Voyage of a Soul. By William McFee. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. This is the paper that won the $100 prize offered by Doubleday, Page and Company for the best essay on "Casuals of the Sea." The contest was open to all and Mr. Follett's work was selected out of hundreds of manuscripts submitted.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

I

He is artist, if not before everything, then *in* everything, and by this seal and token: that to think of him is to think first of the multitude of things, great and small but always specific, through which he expresses himself. Ideas he has, and a personality: he can be described, if one choose, as a flavour, an essence, a colour, a temperature, a breeze from a definite quarter. But only on synthetic second thought; for he translates himself, in the instinctive part of the memory, into the thousand aspects of his known, his mirrored and recorded world. He does not merely make the specific illustrate the general, as a parable illustrates a text: he makes the general *become* the specific, as a principle becomes an action, or as thought becomes language. In short, you make your trip through his world, the world of his book, and you do not remember

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it as the world at all. You remember it as Little Brown Boxes.

The original Little Brown Box, you will remember, was that tiny Billiter Lane tobacco shop in which young Hannibal Gooderich began working out his economic destiny at ten shillings a week and a commission. A somewhat gawky young dreamer, he is put there as clerk by the proprietress, his cousin Amelia, a material-minded and patronising young woman. She feels for Hannibal all the condescension of the thrifty for their poor relations; she thinks of him as an appurtenance bought and paid for, like the shop; she will tyrannise over him as she chooses, she will marry him if or when she likes. To her, this shop, "no larger than an ordinary shipping case," is Romance; "she had imagination and saw her Little Brown Box throwing off other Little Brown Boxes until London was studded with them." But to Hannibal, Romance is something other than this. He "felt the tentacles of Commercialism closing around him. . . . Across the way a steamship company exhibited a picture of a great liner at anchor in some tropical port of the Far East, the white hull surrounded by boats full of naked brown men, the blue sea rimmed by mountains of a deeper blue and crowned by a violet sky. To see 'strange lands from under the arched white sails of ships!'" Thus one's meat is the other's poison. The same Little Brown Box, to her the threshold of life, is to him a door slammed in the face of all his secret aspirations. Which is the way of human nature, the way of life. The social philosopher who understands this magnetism and repulsion of the same things for different persons generalises the phenomenon into something like "the sacredness of difference." But the artist who understands it particularises it into Little Brown Boxes.

It is, I take it, this instinct for the specific as a final and adequate expression of the general which anoints the artist above his fellows. Saying less, he means as much—and reveals everything. The general alone is but truth; the specific alone is but realism. It takes both become one to make the truth of art.

This marriage of truth and fact is the prime distinction of *Casuals of the Sea*. Not only are the pages crowded, as Dickens's proverbially are, with concrete physical things so vivid that they have almost the glitter of animation; but the existence of these things is surcharged with intention. A "smudged and crinkled copybook" in a snowdrift, the lost property of one young candidate for a flogging, stands for the eternal antagonism of schoolboy and schoolmaster. The Ideal Plant of a schoolroom botany chart—"It made you feel keenly what a botched, un-science-and-art-like job the Creator had made of His Flora anyway, with nobody to show Him how"—is the embodied futility of pure academicism in education. The naïve and often grotesque hero-worship of young boys crystallises in the prestige of Bert Gooderich, who could spit blood, and the transient and feeble popularity accruing to those envious ones who used cough mixture, "which only made a brown stain." Three examples will serve as well as a thousand to prove that Mr. McFee works everywhere under the insistent necessity of materialising the spiritual, giving the abstract a local habitation and a name.

And the final proof is in his characters—folk not composed but born, and kept consistent not by mere workmanship but by the force of the life that is in them. We do not have to ask whether they "act in character," because they *are characters* and not actors. We see them, as Mr. Chesterton would say, "in a perpetual summer of being themselves."

II

To be an artist in this sense is to be a white light shining through a clear window into a curiosity shop. From the facets of a thousand gems there, many of them common and tawdry enough but now and again one rarely precious—from the surfaces of objects

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grotesque and beautiful, the light is refracted to us in all the colours of the spectrum. We actually *see* nothing but the curiosity shop. But we know that the window is there, as a condition of our seeing anything at all; and there are shadows to tell us from what angle the light enters.

It is important to know through what window of purpose or philosophy Mr. McFee illuminates the various giants, gargoyles, and normal human beings of his curiosity shop—important, and fairly easy. His world, as we have seen, is a world of Little Brown Boxes, each Little Brown Box a shrine of Romance to some of us, to others a cage full of smoke and musty packing straw. And his view of humanity is briefly this, that the process of life is, for all of us, mostly a process of trying to get out of the Box in which we do not belong and into the one in which we do belong; and it is often very doubtful whether the one in which we do belong exists at all; and if it does exist it is often not to be found, or it turns into something else as soon as we have found it. Most of us fail to arrive; we are the Failures, the ones who stick in the morass of obscure unfulfilment between the start and the destination. These are the Casuals,

> frail craft upon the restless Sea
> Of Human Life . . .
> The feckless wastage of our cunning schemes.

But at least we have dared the start. Failures we may be, but not so abjectly as those who kept what they had and never risked

> The mute soul's agony, the visions of the blind.

Hanibal running away from his amourously tyrannical cousin, poisoning his lungs in the coal-dust of a freighter's bunkers, rousing himself again from a vegetative life to follow his dream and dying at last in the clutch of it, cuts a finer figure than any of his irreproachable relatives the Browns, who "held betting to be one of the seven deadly sins" and, as the wildly adventurous climax of their prosperity, "worked up from one mantle to three on the gasolier." His sister Minnie, refusing the sanctioned relation with a loathsome little ninny and deliberately becoming the mistress of a great man, is at least more of a heroine than Mrs. Wilfley, a sample, by the way, of what Mr. McFee really hates in womankind—Olga Berenice Wilfley, faddist, theosophist, hack writer of advertisements, author of *The Licencees of Love,* "an expert pilferer of ideas," and an expert also in "that cleverness which consists in knowing just how much people will stand." Better the Casuals, those who have no illusions about themselves and go out with sealed orders into "death's dateless night," than those others who refuse all the challenges of life and remain placidly at their anchorage. Mr. McFee has no contempt for success: witness his general approbation of Anthony Gilfillan, promoter, financier, and eventually man of the great world. But his special interest is in those who achieve what the world calls failure—that is, or may be, some sort of moral success without any of the tangible rewards. These are his Casuals of the Sea.

He is at bottom, then, an exponent of the tragic inequality between what the soul asks of life and what life furnishes. Because we dream more than we get and are constantly urged from within to dare the impracticable, it appears that there is an incurable maladjustment between the individual and the nature of things. This is a philosophy of ironic detachment with which many books have made us familiar—notably those of Mr. Conrad, between whom and this author there are some striking temperamental resemblances.

But it is to be noticed that this philosophy is either pessimistic or optimistic, hopeful or despairing, according to whether it puts the emphasis on the world's inferiority to the soul or on the soul's superiority to the world. Anyone can read the brute fact, that life is al-

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ways withholding that which we never cease to demand. But the brute fact does not in itself tell us whether we shall draw despair from the evil limitations of the world, or hope from the splendid audacities of the soul. Mr. Grober, the fatalist, represents the pessimistic view when he says: "The torments of a Lost Soul are radiant bliss compared with the life of an Idealist in a world of Stark Reality!" But Grober is not McFee; he is not even Hannibal.

As a matter of fact, Mr. McFee is so far from being a cynic that he sees in the soul itself a kind of self-justifying and self-sufficient life; the soul alone is a cosmos, and to dream greatly is in itself a sort of realisation. To this intense inward existence, the unfriendly pressure of outward circumstance is somehow, obscurely, an encouragement. The dream were less beautiful if there were nothing to make it preposterous, the flame less hot if there were no hostile airs to blow upon it. In the very fact that so many fair hopes persist in the face of doom, the significance of hope is multiplied. In short, there is no courage without peril—and to exult in the courage of man is a more humane mood than to be doleful about the peril that surrounds and engulfs him. This vivid, courageous, and ardent life of the soul is the one indestructible thing.

I should not like to be accused of reading this idea into Mr. McFee's book: let us have it in words of his own:

> And then another vague idea grew up in his [Hannibal's] mind, an idea that perhaps a man's life was not a complete thing in itself, that perhaps it was but a bead on a string, a link on a chain, the visible part of an invisible continuity. In the light of that thought, death seemed a small and theatrical affair. Was that, then, a solution? It did somehow link up the confusing accidents of existence. It did make the pain seem less sharp. The essential product of one's life was indestructible, and lived on. . . .

III

The Little Brown Box is, then, something more than a tobacco shop on a mean street; the two generations of Gooderiches and Mr. Grober and the other Casuals are something more than illustrations of the part played by mere chance in human lives. And, finally, the Romance of the book and of my present title is something more than the quest of strange lands or strange loves, something more than even the mysterious chances that guide the voyaging of any isolated soul. I was to speak of Mr. McFee as friend: and I can do so best by the suggestion that the really thrilling Romance of the book is the Romance of his friendship with his Casuals—and with us other Casuals. It is in his discovery of them, in our discovery of them through him, and in the triangular community of solicitude thereby established, that the author brings off the finest of his paradoxes—a detached and somewhat ironic view of life converted, by the warmth of an unaffected human sympathy, into the pure spirit of comradeship.

The superficial evidences of this profound moral sympathy are two in number, and they may appear to contradict each other. The first is the author's extraordinarily accurate interpretation of the world's attitude toward conduct which it regards as wayward. Mrs. Gooderich, to be sure, judges her daughter Minnie's waywardness with narrow inconsistency, forgetting that Minnie was born out of wedlock. But other people, with far less reason to be charitable, have been unfailing in their charity to the mother in her forgotten youth, and are now indulgent toward the daughter. The common posture toward the derelict is one of mildly cynical, sometimes helpfully humourous resignation, together with an obscure sense of fellowship. "A trouble is a trouble, and the general idea . . . is to treat it as such, rather than to snatch the knotted cords from the hand of God and deal out murderous blows." By this one frank gesture, Mr. McFee

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sweeps away a deal of melodrama and trumpery heroics usually allotted in fiction, and usually not in life, to the "disgraced" girl.

The other evidence of his sympathy is, curiously enough, what some readers will object to as the cynical flippancy of his style. It seems to me that the accent is sometimes, not often, unduly raucous; but the explanation is very simple. Partly, Mr. McFee resorts to hardness of manner because he distrusts his own softness of heart; the guard against sentimentalism must not be let down. And partly, he tells us the whole unflinching truth about human baseness because he wants to glorify the human nobility that can persist in spite of it. To belittle sin is to discount virtue; and you will not prove that idealism is strong by showing that it is easy.

It is, then, Mr. McFee's irony that views the greater part of mankind as Casuals of the Sea. But it is as certainly his friendship that puts the Casuals and the author and his readers together into the same boat. This moral identification of the author with his material and with his readers—a thing quite distinct from an author's inartistic intrusion of his own personality—is a remarkable fulfilment of the saying that "Art must make friends with Need, lest it perish." The book finds some human creatures in their need, which is where all human creatures are most akin; and then the author takes his reward, and gives us ours, in his and our sense of kinship with them. It is not preaching or canting, it is not officious or interfering: it is not even visibly *there*. It is something effected off the stage altogether, in the audience, and it leaves the whole drama technically as objective as ever. But it is an effect which the author could scarcely have wrought without the most profound and definite intention. It is one chapter of the Romance of the Future—the Romance of a world made one in self-knowledge and in need.

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GERMANY AS A FRANKENSTEIN

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

WHETHER or not outraged right visits retribution upon the individual it surely does upon those large and continuing groups of individuals that we call nations. The conviction does not necessitate belief in a moral order governing the universe, but can be the result of inductive reasoning alone. It is a satisfactory belief to hold in the present crisis of world affairs because it offers a reasonable explanation of the great war. It answers that question "Why must it be?" which still gnaws at the heart of every thinking and feeling person after he has put in days upon days on vari-coloured books of diplomacy, volumes of history, piled up discussions of economic rivalries, political aims, psychological characters and all the rest of the vast literature that has already gathered around the vexed question of who caused the war. No matter how clear may be the blame, in whole or in part, in one or several quarters, back of the last argument and the final conclusion still looms the unsatisfied demand for some sort of moral explanation, something that will show that it proceeds from causes commensurate with the immensity of its sabotage, causes that vindicate themselves to man's reason and seem to be within his possible control in the future. For many people, I am sure, the need to find such an explanation is imperative if they wish to preserve an atom of faith in the moral government of the universe.

For myself, I have found that explanation in the belief that conduct prepares its own reward. If nations worship false gods, deny justice, throw their influence against that which is eternally right, they are piling up a score against themselves which presently they will have to pay. Practically all the nations of the world had been conniving at wrong doing, turning away from the demands of right and justice, worshipping false gods. And now they are having to meet the consequences of their failure to live up to the best they knew. In the September BOOKMAN I spoke of Germany as one of the Frankensteins of civilisation. If we will look back along the course of history we will see many Frankensteins with which civilisation has had to dispute world way, after long fostering of them and delight in them. We once had one of our own in the institution of slavery. From its beginning the whole nation tolerated human bondage. Because it seemed to bring material prosperity, added to the comforts and the luxuries of those who held the upper hand, increased the general store of gold, through years and years our forefathers smiled upon slavery, encouraged it, excused it, made concessions to it, were blind to its monstrosity, allowed it to grow and grow until at last it reached such size and strength that it determined upon domination. The whole country was responsible for slavery, the whole country had sinned alike in the creation and the fostering of that Frankenstein, and the whole country had to pay for its wrongdoing with bloody stripes.

Napoleon, greatest of criminals, was another Frankenstein for whom the nations had to pay. At his advent they welcomed him for his service, they praised and flattered him, they let him have his way. And as he went on, growing more and more powerful, they withheld their hands, they aided him when they could gain advantage, they connived and compromised, and presently they discovered he had grown so great he was about to eat them all. And all Europe had to pay with slaughter immeasurable and vast devastation because

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it had winked at injustice, struck hands with wrong, worshipped success.

Behind Napoleon lay the wreckage of another battle with a Frankenstein, the old aristocratic régime in France that had grown huge and monstrous on the life blood of the nation that tolerated it. The stench of its wickedness rose to heaven as it fattened upon the human rights it incessantly outraged. But the nation had to pay mercilessly for the lives it had crushed, the rights it had violated, the wrongs it had visited upon the helpless. It was as monstrous a Frankenstein as any that civilisation has ever pampered and fostered into supremacy, but it went down in the blood and fury of the Revolution. So, finally, does every one go down.

For man's slow progress upward through the centuries has been one fierce and desperate struggle after another with some fetish, economic, social, political, religious, that he has created, fed upon crimes and follies, fattened upon wrong-doing and injustice, until he has seen how loathsome it is. Then he has given battle to his own creation and mounted to higher levels over its dead body.

Germany and the conditions and ideals of modern civilisation which had made it possible for the German Empire to set forth upon world conquest can be seen now to stand out as the Frankenstein of the twentieth century. All the rest of the world has helped to feed and foster the monster, has joined in its iniquities or tacitly condoned them, has admired and commended and has been eager to share in whatever benefits could be won from the creature's growth. So now all the world is paying the penalty for its lack of vision, suffering for its sins of omission and commission.

At the bottom of the making of this Frankenstein was the worship of material success and the uncurbed longing for wealth and power, individual or national or both, which have dominated men and nations. We here in America have sinned grievously in that respect, in our own actions and in our moral estimates of others. Therefore must we repent in salt and bloody tears,—and resolve that we will not so sin again.

All the world knows now and all the world is shocked and horrified by the monstrously immoral character of the principles upon which Germany guides her national conduct. All the world knows and is horrified by the shamelessly immoral attitude of the German government toward its own people. All the world knows and despises the cruelty, deception, megalomania, treachery, lying, intrigue, barbarity, injustice that the German nation has been practising and defending and glorying in. But all these things were either true in fact before the war or were implied and evident in the spirit and the principles, the ideals and the purposes in which the whole German nation was being trained. And yet all the world, which now scorns and loathes, until three years ago wondered, admired and applauded. Why? Because Germany was succeeding, was making wonderful strides in material wealth and prosperity, was piling up riches—mostly in corporate hands—and was gaining as a nation immense economic and political power.

It is no more than five or six years since one of the most prominent university presidents in the United States, head of one of the largest and most important of our educational institutions, expressed in columns and columns of print the warmest admiration for the German Kaiser, praised him unstintedly as the possessor of great and noble qualities and lauded him as the main factor in world peace and the chief hope of the world for continued peace. Now he looks at Emperor William with the same amazed and horrified eyes as do the rest of us. He is typical of thousands upon thousands of others in our own and other lands. But Emperor William is exactly the same man, exactly the same ruler, holds just the same ideals and purposes, is guided by the same principles now as then.

Blind admiration did not stop at the

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head of the German Empire. We heard endless praise of German laws for the protection of German workmen, and that sincerest flattery which expresses itself in imitation was already at work. Ex-Ambassador Gerard in his book, *My Four Years in Germany,* shows how those laws work to make the labourer practically a serf to his employer and how, combined with other conditions, they result in bitter poverty and helplessness. We read many admiring accounts of German municipal administration and now we are learning that it is only part of a system that makes of the German citizen a docile sheep to be herded where and how the government wants him. For the last quarter century or more we have heard the German educational system extolled to the skies; all the world has resounded with admiration of German scholarship; from the ends of the earth streams of students have poured into the German universities; German progress in science and German methods in extending its practical application have won universal praise. Now, American educators are deploring the deadening effects of German methods and wondering why they did not discern long ago the greater vitality and fruitfulness inherent in the French; German scholarship is seen to have resulted quite frequently in dust heaps of small value; in America at least the painful discovery has been made that German universities could and did, in some subtle way, poison the roots of patriotism; German science is known to have been mainly pilferings from elsewhere applied to German industrial enterprises and developed into wealth for Germany. German efficiency, German adaptability, German enterprise, German success in industry, commerce, and extension of influence and power, were lauded ceaselessly and held up as models. Now, in the eyes of the world they have become the shame of the nation for which they formerly won so much admiration because the political intrigue and treachery with which they were always coupled has outraged all sense of square dealing.

All these things would have been as evident before the war if those who admired and praised so easily had used the same intelligence they do now, if they had looked below the surface of material success, if they had searched even a little for animating purposes and controlling principles. As I showed in a previous article in THE BOOKMAN, out of her own mouth Germany has spoken her condemnation. For the utterances of her ruling class, her public men, her teachers, her philosophers, her preachers, all those who mould and guide and voice the ideals and spirit of a nation, have proved her belief as a nation, as a people, that there is no right but might; that any means is justified that wins success, no matter how evil may be the wished-for end; that war is a glorious activity to be desired for its own sake; that Germany must and will grow greater and more powerful until she conquers the world, and that it is the duty, the pleasure and the pride of every German man, woman or child to do everything possible toward that end.

All this megalomania, lust of wealth and power and lack of moral sense—unfailing characteristics of every Frankenstein the world has ever struggled with—were easily discoverable, it is now evident, in the pre-war Germany. Why were they not pointed out and held up to the execration they deserved and are now getting? Here and there a publicist or public man, one or two in England, one or two in France, none at all in America, spoke some small measure of the truth. But none of these, so far as I have read their books, saw much except political danger for his own country or suggested any means of meeting the menace, except those of increased armaments and more astute diplomacy. And few have listened even to their warnings, or believed that any danger threatened. The gasping amazement with which all the world witnessed the outbreak of the war proves how utterly blind it had been.

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Why had it been so blind when Germany had been for years so openly proclaiming her purpose, her malevolent spirit, her lack of moral sense? Was it not because of the glamour of German success in the gaining of wealth and power? Was it not because all the world, with her, was worshipping the golden calf? Was it not because most of the world still believed in war that the whole of the world neglected to take any really efficient measures to prevent such a cataclysm as has befallen? Was it not because all the world was too indifferent, too doubtful, too immoral to demand the rule of justice and right that might has dared to make this attempt to gain universal power?

The nations, the individuals that compose them, you and I, we have all won the just reward of our blindness, our complacency, our unwillingness to condemn injustice and wrong, our inability to see them for what they are, our faith in material power, our admiration for material success. We have all helped to foster a colossal Frankenstein, we have all worshipped at its feet, and now we are paying the penalty.

It is not in Germany alone that this twentieth-century Frankenstein must be fought. There is its most congenial home, there it found the best environment and there it has reached a development that dwarfs its manifestations in other countries. That is the one that must first be overcome, because it has challenged civilisation to the combat. But afterward, if the other nations do not take timely warning and attend each to its own Frankenstein, recognise it for the evil thing it is and for the menace it may become, and stop its growth or in some way make it harmless, disaster will result.

Humanity is forever nourishing some Frankenstein in its bosom and presently paying for its infatuation with the costliest of prices. But the fact that stands out most brightly,—that is full of hope and promise,—is not that humanity does nourish so base a creature upon follies and crimes and wrongs, but that when the Caliban gets large enough and foul enough humanity does recognise it for what it is and is always willing to pay the cost of getting rid of it rather than submit to it—and that humanity is always, finally, the one that wins.

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

We Must Face It

IN A little book, *The Menace of Peace,* Mr. George D. Herron well points out the moral that adorns the tale of German social philosophy. If the world accepts a peace to-day based on the *status quo ante,* such as His Holiness proposed, it would mean the virtual triumph of the German idea with the German domination of Europe in another ten or surely twenty years and the re-establishment of just those nice balances of jealous powers whose slightest derangement could again precipitate war. The German conception of society, as Dr. Vernon Kellog so ably described in the August *Atlantic Monthly,* is mechanistic with its base on the rigid operation of the biologic law of natural selection. Germany believes that she is a race of super-men, that in the struggle for existence her type of social organisation is both destined by God and of course determined by the law of selection to survive. For the welfare of humanity, then, Germany has a *duty* to impose her *kultur* on the race and so to lead the world on to heights of achievement inextricably bound up in the Divine Plan as developed by a German civilisation. Should Germany fail, "kultured" Germans would not want to live in a world so topsy-turvy—a world in which the unfit not only survive but actually defeat the fit, the chosen of God. So the Germans infuse something of the Old Testament spirit into their actions: we hear them talk of the Chosen People, the Will of the God (of Germany), the Wrath of the Almighty. From this belief and this devotion, their dauntless sacrifices arise, their fearlessness of death for the Fatherland and for the Emperor: they would die rather than survive a defeated Germany.

A German Military Disaster Necessary

Can such a people be democratised? President Wilson thinks so, we Americans hope so, a little group of internationalist thinkers in the Reichstag apparently intends so. But a calm consideration of the temper of the Germans does not encourage the hope. Such a violent change in the orientation of German character probably will need a great catastrophe for its accomplishment—a great military disaster. Such has been the history of both nations and individuals; great developing changes are accomplished by some sort of violence, to uproot a time-worn idea requires the agency of a revolution. And in the case of the Germans, this revolution, this catastrophe, is being quickly and satisfactorily arranged for. The mobilisation of our National Guard and the first instalment of the National Army means, if she can but read the writing on the wall, the downfall of Germany's military power. This is the task to which we must dedicate ourselves, our efforts, our property; and it is in the temper of America that, having undertaken the task of policing the world, we shall "see the job through" and pay again in this generation the price of blood and suffering for the purchase of that that is dearer than either—our own self-respect.

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The President to the Pope

President Wilson's renunciations in his reply to the Pope are magnificent: "no restitutions meant to cripple some nations and benefit others," "no reprisal upon the German people," "wrongs ought to be repaired, but not at the expense of the sovereignty of any people," and especially the dictum against an economic war after

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the war. Those declarations will work in two ways. First they have vastly strengthened the Allies' ideals and purposes, they have aroused enthusiastic sympathy in every people of Europe that is opposed to Germany, and they are sure to sustain and strengthen the failing military power of Russia. Secondly, nothing could do more than such a statement to strengthen the hands of the radicals in Germany. Germany is still fighting largely because she believes that any weakness will mean the enslavement of the Fatherland, the starvation of her people through an economic war. With this statement of war purposes, *some* element in Germany must question the more pertinently the faith of her leaders. Whether President Wilson's reply will sufficiently weaken German militarism to hasten her military disaster is questionable, but it surely will strengthen allied determination toward this result.

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Our Chance to Make a World

But there is still another aspect to the President's words that is infinitely more significant. We are beginning to assume in our thinking the overthrow of Germany; so that the greatest, most tremendous thought before the world to-day is: when this war is over, what sort of a world shall we make for ourselves to live in? A world of balanced jealousies and feverish armament? God forbid. It must be a world without crippled nations, without smouldering revenges, without racial wrongs, as President Wilson has asserted before the whole world. To accomplish this we believe in: 1. General disarmament. 2. A world-parliament to enunciate the principles of international comity, to draft the laws of international relations. 3. An international executive to apply international law. 4. An international police force under the orders of the international executive. This in bare outline seems the most practical machinery for perpetuating world-peace. In its essence it means simply an extension of our law orbit: we obey a city's police regulations unhesitatingly because we believe that, if not the best, they represent the best obtainable effort to harmonise neighbourly relations; we obey national laws because we believe in the community of ideals and purposes that makes a nation, because we are patriots. We can as easily obey international laws drawn up by the most intelligent, skilled representatives of each human group—men actuated by the welfare of the whole world—because we can now, joined by the common feelings of human loss and the common purposes of achievement, see that the whole world is but a human family whose interests are fundamentally identical: because, in short, we are all joined in the great adventure of making the human spirit at home in its environment—of making the world a good place to live in. General disarmament, a world-parliament, an international executive with an international police force—let us strive for this programme, modified and improved very probably, but certainly a thought, an effort in the right direction.

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Patriotism and Brotherhood

This ideal of internationalism, the ideal of an organic world in which the nations shall emulate each other in service to the common human brotherhood, implies an essential criticism of the orthodox "patriotism" that is now, in the crisis of war, asserting itself in every belligerent country—the type of patriotism that impulsively cheers the might and glory of the state as contrasted with inferior peoples, the patriotism that carried the barbarism of savages throughout Belgium but regards every retaliation as the brutishness of "foreign devils." Such a patriotism harks back to the earliest human psychology; it was the group patriotism, or group consciousness, that determined survival and through the process of selection has become part and parcel of

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our own mental fibre. A discussion of this value in our social life and of the problem that it presents is made in this issue by Professor Cooley, of the department of philosophy of Columbia University. Professor Cooley maintains that this patriotism must be trained, not extirpated, that it must be "converted from a selfish group interest into a rational, or moral, group interest," that we must recognise the truth that "the supreme unit is the race and not the tribe, mankind and not any fraction of it." "The problem of the redemption of patriotism," he continues, "is simply part of the problem of the moralisation of society." Before the war the ideas of internationalism were used by social agitators largely in the attempt to consolidate the interests of their class throughout the different nations: internationalism was a propaganda idea used to divide society laterally into class antagonisms. Now under the fusion of war's intense struggle we can see that the internationalism that means a common pooling of human interests is the only solution of the problem of war and peace.

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Germany's Terms

Germany's peace terms are being forecasted in Washington at the time of our going to press. These terms which Germany is formulating in reply to the Pope's plea are said to include the following:

Restoration of Belgium and Northern France, to be paid for out of the sale of Germany's colonies to Great Britain.

Alsace and Lorraine to be independent states.

Trieste to be a "free port."

Serbia and Rumania to be restored, and Serbia to have a port on the Adriatic.

The Balkan question and the status of Turkey to be subjects for negotiation.

Disarmament and international police.

Freedom of the seas, with Great Britain in control of the English Channel until the projected tunnel is built between Dover and Calais.

There are many points for dispute in such proposals: England would undoubtedly demur at paying for colonies she has already conquered, France would probably refuse anything but the absolute annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, Italy means to have Trieste, and it hardly seems likely that Turkey would be a willing partner to her Allies' offer to settle her fate in conference with her enemies. But all these considerations probably matter very little—the note will not be taken seriously because the world is now so thoroughly aroused to the German menace that a German military disaster, due either to the strength of her opponents or to the defection of her people, is necessary before the world can be assured of Germany's peaceful acquiescence to a place in the family of nations. What is of definite interest in the peace terms, however, is the reported suggestion of the German Government for disarmament and an international police. Although the terms as a whole will by no means end the war, these two proposals will give a great impetus to the only practical solution of the war menace, the best effort to establish a permanent peace; they will help to publicise both in Germany and in the Entente countries the ideas of disarmament and international police, with their necessary extension into a world parliament.

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A German Disarmament

Disarmament by Germany, however, cannot be accepted on her mere promise in her present frame of mind. The disclosure of the German envoy's notes from Buenos Aires to Berlin, via the Swedish legation and Stockholm, show German diplomacy even more thoroughly outlawed, further removed from the standards of intercourse of civilised nations, than even when Zimmerman sent out his infamous Mexico-Japanese plot note. A promise by the present German Govern-

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ment, unsupported by the strongest demands of the German people, to carry out a thorough German disarmament would hardly be acceptable to the nations whose trust the German Government has outraged, whose peoples the Germans have scientifically ravaged and despoiled. We must win on the field—and we must win again in the courts of humanity that shall determine the kind of world we shall live in after this war, a world to be based on community interest and not on either paper claims or "national aspirations."

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Garnett's Judgment

We bear no grudge against Mr. Edward Garnett for comparing at intervals large blocks of contemporaneous English and American literature to the disadvantage of the latter. Very likely if we went into this wholesale business of literary comparison, we should render the same decision. But the reasons assigned by Mr. Garnett for the inferiority of American authors seem sometimes a little dubious. This, for example, is how he explains his preference for the rank and file of present-day English poets over their American contemporaries: In England, he says, "the literary soil has been fructified by the germs of poetic association since the days of Chaucer." That is the great advantage, he thinks, that the native English poet has over the native American; and in reading American verse, even very good verse, he is struck by the "thinness of the literary humus." Now the "literary soil," though an agricultural metaphor in good standing, is of very little use to us as an explanation. An American poet can get himself planted in any literary soil he chooses. He can send his roots down through the thickest sort of humus, down through all the fructifying poetic germs of Chaucer's day, and even beyond them. Indeed he has often done so, sometimes to advantage, and sometimes not; for the truth must be told that nine times out of ten, it does not depend on the humus or the germs, but on the sort of poet that is therein planted.

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Of Critical Methods

Small blame to Mr. Garnett, however, if his explanations do not always explain. His method is one that might make any man at times inarticulate. One conceives of Mr. Garnett as having two large bins on his premises, one for English literature as fast as it appears, and the other for American. As soon as the bins fill up, he reviews them both in a single article for some magazine. In writing this article, he is often obliged to carry in his head at the same time at least thirty contemporary English novelists and an equal number of Americans, many of them so very bad that they would be likely to damage the head that carried them. And not only does he never get them mixed up, but he can make quite extraordinary distinctions between them. Of two novelists he will often explain just why one is the more remarkable when neither of them seems remarkable at all; and of three poets racing, one would suppose with all their might, toward oblivion, he can often pick out with an appearance of certainty the one that will get there first. We do not deny that he is often right, or that he performs his task with efficiency. Yet as a critical method it does not seem like selecting the fruit in the literary garden (if we may continue that striking agricultural metaphor); it seems more like mowing the lawn. Any man who makes a practice, for example, of dispatching in a few days every six months the entire crop of light literature that has emerged in the interval, is apt to blunt the edge of his literary distinctions. It is generally impossible to be a sound critic and a cumulative book index at the same time. Not that Mr. Garnett goes quite so far as that, but his industry certainly does outrun at times the capacity of his literary judgment. Take, for example, his last review of a score or so of poets in the *Atlantic*

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Monthly, in which Mr. Frost's *Mountain Interval* suggests to him only the following reflection: "It occurs to one that possibly . . . Mr. Frost has evolved a new theory of verse. . . . Does he hold that one subject is as desirable, one word as beautiful, as another? But *Mountain Interval* shows that they are not." This seems decidedly obtuse, especially when you see with what enthusiasm he can hail almost any mediocrity. But it does not really prove that he has bad taste. It merely proves that he has blunted it by too much rapid tasting. It might happen to any one who set out, very likely against his real inclination, to dispose of a score or two of recent poets in a bunch.

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A Wellsian Pastime

A truly Wellsian pastime is the popularisation of God. In *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* the hero, one who has always intellectualised his problems, is brought face to face with a great emotion, and through its agency, in his own soul, he finds his God. In *God the Invisible King* Mr. Wells gave us a series of essays, first on the heresies that convention and formalism had encrusted about the idea of God, and then on the true nature of the God that is Captain and King of the human adventure. In still a third book this year, published this month, Wells continues the theme of the God of traditional formalism versus the God of our common humanity. It is a novel, this third book, called *The Soul of a Bishop,* and in it the content of *The Invisible King* is worked out in the life of an Anglican bishop who, like Mr. Britling, discovered his God. His Grace, the Bishop, is first disgruntled and disturbed in his complacent cosmology by the agitation of his radical labouring flock who are on the point of a class war. Then comes the Great War and visions to the soul of the Bishop, and he begins to view the Church and the Priestly Order in a new light. It is a great soul-struggle that he goes through with, but he achieves finally an entirely new orientation.

• • •

A Disappointing God

The first section of *The Soul of a Bishop* is doubtless of much more interest in England than in America. With us our clergy are more responsive to social changes, more ready for self-criticism, more objective in their tenets of theology. In fact a sane, healthy questioning has become so characteristic of our leading theological schools that many times the old line, rigid, orthodox trustees have made scandals out of the "liberalism" that seems to them to be carrying their churches to perdition. In England, however, the Established Church is one of the main pillars of the accepted order of society, and so it was quite proper that in his programme Mr. Wells should have allotted so much space and effort to breaking through its defences. But to us this part of the book makes rather stupid reading—too we have had *The Inside of the Cup* and thinking people are now about over that stage of wonder at what is the matter with the churches: they know the matter is there and many of the clergy do, too, and we know it will work out all right. It is in the constructive part of Mr. Wells's book that our chief interest lies—and it is just in this part that we find our chief disappointment. Wells's God is the most dissatisfying thing he has ever done. We were not converted; we did not even feel like trying a prayer. Mr. Wells himself is a demi-god among intellects; man's God is the object of an emotional craving: the two entities, Wells and God, are atomically antagonistic.

• • •

A New Carmen

Up to last month, New York had known three Carmens worthy the name —Minnie Hauck, Calvé and Bresler-Gianoli. Impresario Gallo —he of the visiting San Carlo Opera Company—has added a fourth, Ester Ferrabini. This new-

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comer has youth and beauty—a very lithe youth and a devilish beauty—the grace of a panther and the seductive clamour of Shaw's superman: no male escapes her from the little fat chorus-man who happens to be nearest her enveloping arm to the tall Captain of the Guard. The very exclusiveness of José draws her to him as by a magnet. Hers are no parlour manners—she wants him and she proceeds to get him—be her wiles those of a courtesan or a society expert, she cares not. She knows her Merrimée better than did Calvé—or, at least, she expresses a keener appreciation of the one-at-a-time attack. Her dismissal of the Captain, once she has a prospect of lassoing José, is as complete as her severance of all relations with the *passé* José after her submission to the toreador. The acting of this new Carmen has been here dilated upon to the exclusion of her singing. As a matter of fact, the lady is herself authority for the statement that her voice is too high for the music and that in her interpretation of the part she surrenders the possibilities of musical excellence to the more—to her—telling possibilities of the dramatic situation. None of her predecessors has been more alive to the intensity of the drama as such—albeit each one of the three had a lower range of voice and, for this reason, a better quality for dramatic expression. But this fact seems to bother Madame Ferrabini not in the slightest. She sings the music well always—at times, gloriously. But it is ever the presence of the person she is representing, Carmen, that one sees and feels. In the dance, for example, it is a panting, loving tigress that is singing the music as an *accompaniment* to the sharp clicking of the castanets and the swift movements of her rhythmic feet; in the card scene you hear more of a croon and a series of half-muttered oaths than the regulation vocal performance of an aria. But be it remembered that her voice is never inadequate. It is a young, vibrant voice—a caressing voice—a voice full of warmth and passion; and when the lady asserts that it is too high for the music of *Carmen,* you smile—and know better.

• • •

Mr. Hearst Conquers New Worlds

A breezy "casual comment" from our neighbour, *The Dial,* seems to cover the case adequately:

The tentacles of Mr. Hearst have reached out and have gathered in another representative periodical. The International Magazine Company, which has already appropriated the *Cosmopolitan* and *Harper's Bazar,* is now reported as having closed in on *Puck.* Having conquered the library table and the boudoir, Mr. Hearst is now to conquer the barber shop. The library table, thanks to him, is not what it once was, nor is the boudoir; so why should one expect the barber shop to remain unchanged? The Hearstian breeze wafts itself over flowery banks stealing and giving odours, and often making two odours, or two dozen—though of a pungent sort not hitherto known or relished—grow where but one grew before. The man who is waiting two or three minutes for the next vacant chair was well worth going after. He is many, and in those two or three minutes he may be able, if taken decisively in hand (as he doubtless will be), to come to important determinations in matters of statesmanship and of sociology. The saloon as a political molecule threatens to pass: welcome the newer and better (or different) political molecule, the tonsorial parlour.

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"The Grim Thirteen"

An interesting experiment in the literary world is the publication of a book entitled *The Grim Thirteen.* It is made up of thirteen short stories that because of unconventionality of treatment, and not because of lack of merit, were rejected by leading fiction periodicals. In an introduction Mr. Edward J. O'Brien, a short-story critic and the editor of the yearly *Best Short Stories* volume, recounts the occasion of *The Grim Thirteen* and the reasons for the experiment. It all grew out of a discussion as to whether, if Poe were living to-day, the American magazines would publish his

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stories. The general opinion of the gathering, story writers themselves, was that they would not. There is a taboo, it was maintained, against grim or gruesome stories in editorial circles, American editors believing that the public demand the happy ending. "And then the inspiration came," writes Mr. O'Brien, "why not try to find thirteen hoodooed masterpieces by thirteen unlucky masters, and throw them upon the mercies of the public for a vote? No sooner suggested than done. . . . So here they are."

• • •

The Short Story in America

The first condition of selection was a repeated rejection by American magazines. With that condition met, the further selection was based on literary excellence. Mr. O'Brien points out that the vogue of the short story has spread so widely as to be practically coextensive with the population of the country. The commercial rewards to successful short-story writers are of course very great and the more this is true the greater becomes the influence of those rewards upon the matter and manner of the American short story. Nevertheless, Mr. O'Brien is of the opinion that the short story is "the characteristic contribution of America to literature," and for that reason "it behooves every American writer to search deeply in his heart for the assurance that his creative work is the sincere and influenced expression of what he most desires to say." "It is especially necessary," he continues, "that he should not permit himself to compromise his standards by yielding to the pressure of high commercial rewards, when those rewards imply a moulding influence upon his literary work."

• • •

Unhampered Imagination

The thirteen short stories in *The Grim Thirteen* are examples of sincere imagination, unhampered by editorial considerations. They went their appointed way to the magazines and were found "unavailable," showing that these thirteen writers at least have found that some of their finest imaginative work could not achieve publication without modification. For this reason Mr. O'Brien is of the opinion that "much fine and sincere work is lost every year to America by reason of these restrictions." As an illustration Mr. O'Brien picks out of the "thirteen" group "The Abigail Sheriff Memorial," by Vincent O'Sullivan. This story, he says, challenges the intellect and "intellectual pleasure is not the chief end sought in the American short story of the present day."

• • •

One of the "Thirteen"

The story of "The Abigail Sheriff Memorial" opens in New York City with the experiences and feelings of a down-and-out artist who has sold his soul to the gambling devil. You get quite excited about him and interested in his fate. What ghastly crime is he about to commit, what strange, unearthly destiny is in store for this night hawk, this human flotsam obsessed with a "flawless system" to beat the game? And there is his friend Jennie—a model, her shoulders had been painted by somebody—don't forget Jennie. Then the scene shifts to a New England backwater town and to David Sheriff, a plump-faced fool. It is still all well with us: David *must* lead a double life, or something at any rate is going to happen to him. Let us wait patiently. Then comes Miriam, wife to David. (Miriam's sister, Abigail, had been David's first wife.) Ah, here it is at last: the hidden mystery, the tragic masque of crime, the buried skeleton! The plot thickens, with Miriam to the surface—maybe Jennie is a love child, cast out to a life of crimson; or maybe it is the artist who is her "false step"; or maybe she has a guilty knowledge of David's hidden trespasses; or maybe the artist just *has* to kill David to avenge a great dishonour. Surely there are possibilities here. At last (soft!), the dénouement: Miriam killed her sister to get her hus-

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band for herself! That is the skeleton, that the crime, the hidden mystery. And was it for this that all this structure was evolved? What of David, what of Jennie, what of the Artist? They all slough off, every one of them, without any kind of fate from gods or men. And with them disappear all the hopes, all the scents aroused by our detective instincts—all the broken threads of interest trailing off in the wind.

• • •

Rejected Imagination

We tried to get intellectual pleasure from this story. We have heard it said that cross-sections of life, projected at random, are good "realism." But we ourselves are old-fashioned enough to like a little art—in our provincialism we confess to a preference for, say, "The Tell-tale Heart": we suspect that Poe would not have had any too great trouble getting that story published, were he among us to-day. Possibly we are guilty of the modern sin of class-consciousness, possibly we are too conventional in our liking for technique and too unappreciative of pure psychology, but the fact is that in the case of at least one of The Rejected Thirteen—well, we do not so much blame our friends, the fiction-magazine editors!

• • •

George Barr McCutcheon Nature-Fakir

Since Graustark is closed to tourist travel because of the war, Mr. George Barr McCutcheon has turned his literary fancy from the romantic scene of his earlier thrillers to the very unromantic atmosphere of the New England backwoods. But in his *Green Fancy* he manages his usual lightsome touch and disposes, to the reader's edification, of the destiny of one of the Balkan states and of the pretensions of some plotters whose evil machinations against the throne and the crown jewels are hatched up near the Canadian border. One phase of the book, however, gives us deep distress. With its publication McCutcheon has joined the ranks of the nature-fakirs. We do not speak with the knowledge or with the authority and prestige of Mr. Roosevelt, but we say nevertheless with all the firmness in our power: Katydids, Mr. McCutcheon, do not make the night hideous *in the spring*.

• • •

Mr. McCutcheon Solves the Riddle

We apprised Mr. McCutcheon of this little discrepancy in his excursion in the realm of nature with the result that he explained the whole situation most satisfactorily in the following letter. We apologise to Mr. McCutcheon for our lack of *finesse* in not grasping the solution at once.

I am glad you have enlightened me in regard to the katydid. I confess I was puzzled. Now I know it wasn't a katydid that made the noise, at all, at all,—as O'Dowd would say. The cleverness of those rascals up at Green Fancy is something uncanny. They deceived me entirely,—and I created them, too, mind you. It is perfectly clear to me now that the katydid *couldn't* have made the noise, for the simple reason that the thing wasn't born. So it must have been one of the many ways those ingenious conspirators had of signalling to each other in the forest. How simple it all is when one stops to think,—which I didn't, of course. Now that a little light is thrown on the matter, any simpleton can see how the rascals outwitted me. They merely *imitated* the katydid! Fortunately, however, it would appear that I am the only one they fooled.

• • •

"Limehouse Nights"

The most startling meteor to swing into the publishing world recently is Burke's *Limehouse Nights*, which we understand is now in its second edition. Mr. Milton Bronner wrote in the September BOOKMAN the very first appreciation of Burke's work to appear in this country, the actual writing of this paper being done, of course, long before an American issuance was given to Burke's stories. It

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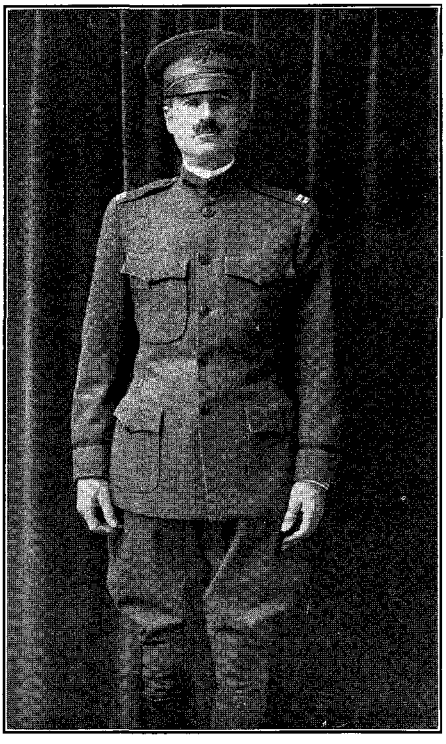
was Mr. Bronner, readers of THE BOOKMAN will remember, who also first "discovered" Masefield with an appreciation of his work in THE BOOKMAN. Burke is indeed, as Mr. Bronner says, a "find." With his tales of London's Chinatown Burke has opened up a new literary field and has added to the distinct originality of his own style the originality of a comparatively unworked literary *milieu*.

• • •

French Amazons

The women in the French munition factories show no signs of physical breakdown, if Mrs. Atherton's new book, *The Living Present,* is to be believed. According to this authority, the tossing of thirty and forty-pound shells is now a simple matter to girls who before the war engaged in nothing more strenuous than the manufacture of paper flowers. Mrs. Atherton made a journey to France especially to study the work of women in the war. She found them employed as letter-carriers and farmers, nurses, policemen, mayors of the villages. They are taking up duties which formerly were dependent entirely upon the greater physical capacity of men. According to Mrs. Atherton, a race of Amazons is being evolved, whose brawny muscles and strapping shoulders bid defiance to any "superior" attitude on the part of men. But they still powder their noses—the author herself remarked it—and she thinks it likely that they all cherish hopes of a happy romance when war is ended.



CAPTAIN FREDERICK STUART GREENE, EDITOR OF "THE GRIM THIRTEEN." CAPTAIN GREENE BELONGS TO THE 302D REGIMENT, ENGINEERS, OF THE NATIONAL army

MRS. LARZ ANDERSON AS HEAD OF THE RED CROSS REFRESHMENT CORPS IN WASHINGTON, D. C. HER BOOK, "ODD CORNERS," OF WHICH SEVERAL CHAPTERS HAVE APPEARED IN "THE BOOKMAN," WILL BE PUBLISHED THIS MONTH

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The war has brought changes from the biggest to the smallest things of life.

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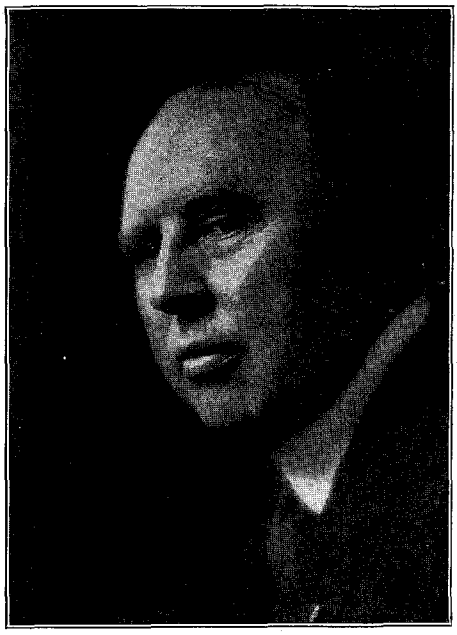
With the Passing of Time

Governments fall and governments rise, nations are abolished and new ones made, men rise to fame over night and heroes do their duty, strange new monstrous creatures of human ingenuity rear their mechanical frightfulness in the battle's storm centre, ideas spread like wildfire over continents and Democracy "camouflages" in varied forms about the world. Then in the littlest things of life, too, there are events. Mr. Hearst is pleased to exemplify the roaring lion that we are taught to believe seeketh whom it may devour, Mayor Thompson (he of Chicago) continues at large, while the People's Council have not where to lay their heads. Recently our neighbour, *The New Republic,* became so excited over the "war after the war" that it devoted two leading editorials in the same issue to this subject and, *mirabile visu,* these editorials are diametrically opposed to each other in belief and policy. We quote: Page 116, "Economic war after the war has received its final quietus"; page 123, "the economic war that must inevitably follow the war" (no, no, the editors, all of them, are sober, learned gentlemen; even we ourselves know one of them very well). But what affects us most nearly and dearly, what brings with it a touch of sorrow, even a feeling of personal loss, is the recent defection of one of THE BOOKMAN'S old friends—a man whom we have never met, but of whom we had become so fond that the loss of his monthly advice involuntarily prompts the bitter cry of "enemy within." "F. P. A." no longer finds fault with THE BOOKMAN. *O tempora, O mores!*



THE LATEST PICTURE OF GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON. HIS "GREEN FANCY" WAS PUBLISHED LAST MONTH

AUTUMN

BY CHARLES EDEY FAY

BRAVE Summer's bugles sing retreat,
Her routed splendours all are gone,
And in the distance fades the sound
Of sunburnt legions tramping on.

But loud the shout and high the song
That fill the laughing countryside,
As Autumn's bronzed battalions wave
Their flaming banners far and wide.

The asters with their purple plumes,
The sumac red and golden-rod
Lift up their ancient triumph hymn,
While all the wayside burns with God.

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MADRID TO MOROCCO

BY ISABEL ANDERSON
(Mrs. Larz Anderson)

They have scattered olive branches and rushes on the street,
And the ladies fling down garlands at the Campeador's feet;
With tapestry and broidery their balconies between,
To do his bridal honour, their walls the burghers screen.

They lead the bulls before them all covered o'er with trappings;
The little boys pursue them with hootings and with clappings;
The fool, with cap and bladder, upon his ass goes prancing,
'Midst troops of captive maidens with bells and cymbals dancing.

—*Old Spanish Ballad.*

A ROAR rises from the Carrera San Hieronomo. Cries of fakirs, calls of men selling papers or lottery tickets, warnings of coachmen. Every now and then a band goes by, playing in the curious muffled manner of the Spanish, with sudden wild bursts of the fanfare and the drums. On the corner there is the music of the blind guitarists and the singing of a child, and a bagpipe which a man blows into whenever there is

THE ROYAL WEDDING IN MADRID. "THE COACHES WERE GLORIOUSLY PAINTED WITH ARMORIAL BEARINGS AND LACQUERED IN COLOURS AND GOLD"

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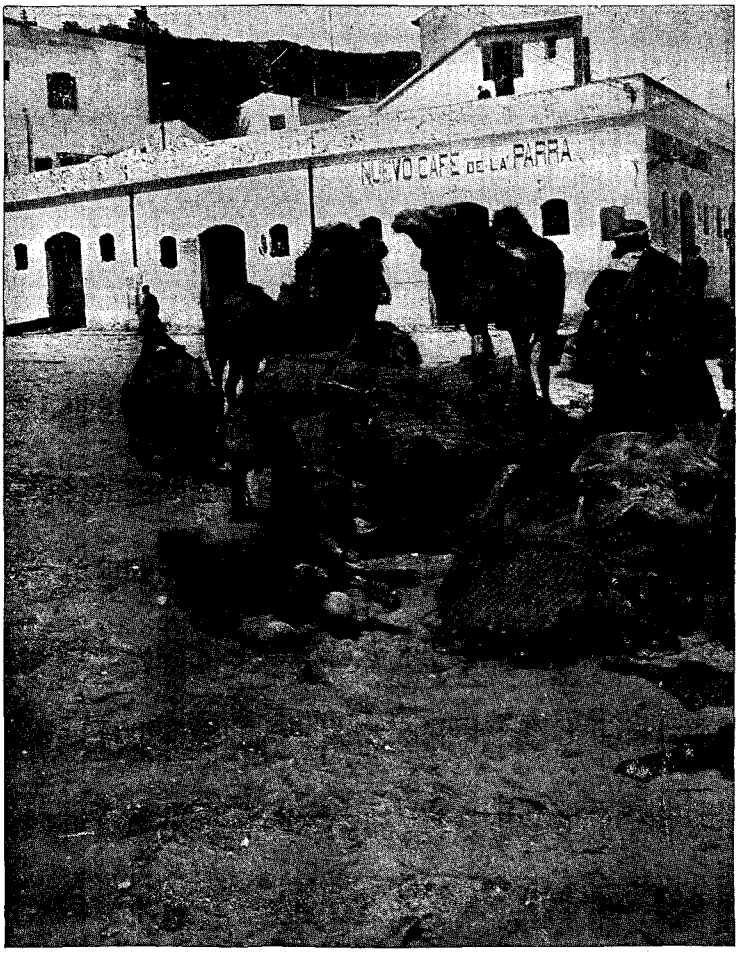
a chance of his making himself heard. The heat is so great that the people walk the streets all night. There is as much going on at four in the morning as at four in the afternoon. All day and all night the crowded life of the city passes beneath our windows.

The streets are gay with flags and strings of lights. The houses have their balconies hung with banners and scarfs of many colours, red and yellow predominating. Some families display their coats of arms embroidered on great red velvet squares, while others hang out rare tapestries.

Royal carriages without number make their way through the throng with footmen in red stockings and coachmen in wide, gold-banded hats, and men in uniform, and royal escorts of dragoons for the visiting princes. There are guards set in front of the palaces where ambassadors are housed. In front of the Medina Coeli, where the Austrian archduke stops, great footmen in yellow are lolling, to the vast delight of the people, and a bugler stands ready to do the honours when another ambassador pays his visit.

This is no ordinary holiday. Madrid



A CAMEL CARAVAN AT TANGIER

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is making ready for the wedding of the King.

The ceremony was to take place the last day of May, and a few days before the King went north in his special train to the border to meet his bride, the Princess Victoria. All along the route soldiers were stationed, and platforms were cleared wherever the train stopped, so that no harm might befall her. At Irun the King met the royal party and conducted them to the Pardo Palace, near Madrid, to remain for the week before the wedding. Things had been brought from other palaces to make the place pretty for the Princess, and it had been given a thorough cleaning—which it no doubt needed.

The wedding day was hot and sunny, but brilliantly clear. The procession began to pass our windows about half after nine. The street was lined with soldiers, mounted and on foot, and army officers and diplomats in magnificent uniforms drove by on their way to the church, and women in beautiful white dresses, with mantillas, feathers, jewels, and trains of every colour.

There were two of these processions, one with the King and the other with Princess Victoria, and both were quite prompt in coming. They moved along with spacing and dignity, and everything was so well done that even to the republican mind it was not in any way absurd.

Heading the pageant came the fine mounted *carabinieri* with their cocked hats and red plastrons. Mounted majordomos followed them, reappearing at intervals with each escort, and sky-blue lancers, and dragoons in great helmets and feathers, and heralds in carriages of state, with huge coats of arms, and trumpeters who every now and then blew blasts on their trumpets. There were processions, too, of "horses of respect," covered with superb trappings of richly embroidered velvet and led by splendid footmen.

Then came the great coaches of the grandees with gorgeous lamps at the four corners and crowns and magnificent trappings in the colours of the family. Footmen with powdered hair and staves walked solemnly at either side. On the horses' heads were plumes of vast size and lovely hues that waved as they passed, and the harnesses were mounted with gold or silver. These carriages were drawn by two horses each.

Following this part of the procession came the foreign princes in coaches drawn by four horses, and then the members of the Spanish royal family, drawn by six. These coaches were even more gloriously painted with armorial bearings and lacquered in colours and gold, and the royalties occupying them were brilliantly clad.

Preceded and followed by a handsome staff and escort, came the King's great tortoise-shell coach, drawn by eight big white horses decked with snowy plumes. Alongside walked the gorgeously liveried servants and the guard of honour, some of whom were soon to die. The King was greeted with great applause.

Just ahead of His Majesty's carriage went a lacquered gold coach with eight horses, more splendid than any that had gone before. But it was empty—the "coach of respect," to be used in case of accident. Later on in this eventful day it was destined to be so used.

A shorter procession, much like the first, followed after a pause of fifteen minutes. At the end of it came the Princess Victoria, who was also much cheered.

No words can give any idea of the regal splendour of the whole spectacle. There wasn't a single tawdry touch, or a tinsel look to suggest the circus, as is so often the case with royal progresses nowadays. It must have been quite like this in olden times. Each carriage and each man, each horse, every trapping, was a study in glorious colour. The crimsons and canaries, olives and deep reds, exquisite blues, with deeper shades, mustards and pinks, were like those of old tapestries and old stuffs, all beautifully subdued. There wasn't a garish note.

After the marriage ceremony had been performed at the church the two pro-

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cessions joined and returned over the route as one, the King and his Queen riding together in the royal coach and bowing to the right and left amid great cheering. As they passed I wondered if they really were happy, and what their lives would be. We watched the wonderful pageant defile across the square, which was all gay with the red and yellow, and turn up the narrow street opposite, the fateful Calle Mayor.

Although the police had been told that there was danger of a bomb in the Calle Mayor, the awful thing was allowed to happen. A man whose movements would seem to have been suspicious enough, threw a bomb from a window that would surely have hit its royal mark exactly if it had not struck a telegraph wire and burst in air. As it was, it killed the footman who was walking within a few feet of the King, and also the great white horses at the pole. It devastated the escort and killed or wounded over a hundred of the bystanders. Broken glass cut the King's coat, but a medal he was wearing saved him from a wound. The Queen's dress was spattered with blood, but she was unhurt.

The leaders of the coach were so frightened that they ran and dragged the other horses, some of them dead or dying, for forty yards before they could be stopped. Then the King got out, helping the Queen to the empty coach of respect ahead. Some English secretaries, who had come back from the ceremony and were watching the procession from a balcony, came down and did what they could to help. The King talked incessantly, but the Queen said not a wo.d. She told some one afterward that her first thought, as she saw the bomb explode and blow a soldier to pieces, was, "That is meant for me. Will it kill me, too?" Both were very pale. Poor innocent creatures—she so young and so pretty, and he so plucky and genial!

When they reached the palace it is said he put his arms about her and kissed her, and said, "God save my Queen!" It is the custom for the royal family, when one of them has escaped some danger, to go to a certain church and give thanks, but the Queen absolutely refused to go, and took to her bed and cried.

Next morning I heard a great commotion outside and rushed to the balcony. There were the King and Queen going slowly by in an auto, almost unaccompanied, to visit the wounded in the hospital. The people were so excited and enthusiastic that they fairly climbed into the car. Later in the day the brave young King walked through the streets alone, amid great cheers. But everybody was on edge; there were several panics over nothing at all—an orange tossed from a balcony, or a signboard that caught fire.

Saturday was the date set for the court ball and the bull fight in honour of the King's wedding. The ball was turned into a reception, but the rest of the programme was carried out. The people were eager to see their young sovereigns again, and their curiosity was gratified, for the royal family—except the English members—drove in semi-state to Los Toros.

The scene was a gay one. The royalties in open landaus with four horses and outriders were followed by carriages with foreign princes and diplomats. The ladies wore their best white lace mantillas and high shell combs with carnations of the national colours, red and yellow. The bull ring became gay as a blossoming garden. No one could help being keenly alive to the beauty of the spectacle.

Since we had the good luck to have places in an upper box we watched the young Queen take her seat by the King's side in the royal enclosure near by, and noticed that as she waved the white scarf for the bull fight to begin her self-possession never failed.

Three superb enamelled coaches drove into the ring bearing grandees of Spain, who alighted before the King and Queen and with low bows presented other grandees dressed as knights of old.

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After them came swaggering toreros in costumes of brilliant colours, then the matadors, cappas, picadors, banderilleros, and mule drivers, all bowing as they passed. A murmur of admiration rose from the crowd, for it was a wonderful sight. Nothing like it had been seen for generations; it was the splendour of Charles V.

The first bull fight was given in old Spanish style. The pen opened and a wild black bull came proudly into the ring amid cheers. Two grandees dressed as knights and riding beautiful spirited horses circled round him and stuck in slight picks which broke half way and were left in his shoulder. It was so skilfully done that the bull's horns never struck the lively horses, and the bull, poor beast, soon sank upon his knees in exhaustion. He had been teased and worried till his proud spirit was broken. Then, with one adroit lunge of the matador's sword, he fell dead, and the populace applauded loudly.

The second bull fight was in the fashion of to-day. The bull, entering with a mad rush, was easily enticed by a cappa toward a poor, decrepit horse stupified with morphine and blindfolded. As the bull charged the horse the picador thrust his pick into the animal's shoulder. The enraged creature, in a frenzy, drove his sharp horns again and again into the miserable horse till it fell writhing to earth.

This was arranged to happen directly in front of the royal box. It was the Queen's first experience of a bull fight, and she witnessed it with apparent calmness, with never a change of colour. She must not flinch. On guard before this alien race, she again showed her Anglo-Saxon self-control as nervelessly as when the terrible bomb was thrown.

No firecrackers were needed for this bull. Amid great cheering he chased the toreros till they were forced to jump over the barrier. He killed five horses in his fury. Then he became exhausted and his end was near. Up came a matador and slew him with one stroke of his sword.

The rest we did not see, for we left, having had enough.

The night after the bull fight came the court reception. Except the palace in Petrograd, the one in Madrid is supposed to be the finest in the world. It is an enormous place, large rooms, marble floors, brocade on the walls, and painted ceilings. One room had a very decorative ceiling in porcelain. There were many pictures, mostly by Goya. The ballroom had fine tapestries set in the wall; in three adjoining rooms they were hung as we had never seen any before, overlapping each other and looped back at the doors and windows. They were wrought with gold and silver thread especially for Spain by Flemish artists. There are supposed to be seven miles of them stored away in the palace, a few being taken out at a time for special occasions like this.

The King and Queen received the diplomats in the throne room, which is all red and gold. Then they walked through the other rooms, stopping sometimes to talk with friends. Ahead of them were the Spanish royal family, the Queen's mother, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and some grandees. After we had caught a glimpse of the procession we went back to the tapestry room, in which we were much interested, and where there were only two or three others besides ourselves. Suddenly, to our surprise, the royalties came marching through again, so we had a good bow from the bridal couple all to ourselves.

By far the most beautiful of the ceremonies connected with the wedding was the High Mass, which was celebrated in the royal chapel of the palace. But even the special ambassadors did not see it, for only the King and his court and the foreign princes were permitted to attend. For all that, we saw the High Mass.

Our diminutive friend Antonio, who seemed able to do many things, hurried us through the crowd that thronged the great galleries of the courtyard outside. Tagging on to the coat tails of some

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grand official, we were passed through guarded doors and up back ways, mounting steep service stairways, till we came to a large room directly over the high altar of the royal chapel. There, through a grille, we could look on in comfort at the whole ceremony, while sweet incense rose from the burners below to delight our senses.

The chapel was a vast octagonal hall, very lofty and stately, rich with marble and gold and frescoes. Opposite the deep chairs of the cardinals rose the royal throne with the seats for the infantas and grandees of Spain near by. On the other side were benches for the officials and suites of the court. The suites of the foreign princes stood in an enclosure, while the princes themselves sat in boxes which opened into the chapel as in a theatre. Because the Queen Mother was not of Spanish blood, she, too, occupied a box, and with her—in pale blue satin—sat the Princess of Wales.

The halberdiers took up their stations. The only movement during the whole ceremony which was not devotional was the changing of these men, who stood like statues till they were on the point of fainting. The doors were opened, and we could see the crowds in the gallery outside. Through them came slowly in procession a train of gentlemen-in-waiting and chamberlains, all in gorgeous dress. As they passed before the altar they bowed and crossed themselves, then turned and bowed to the Queen Mother in her box, and took their places on the benches.

Following them came three cardinals in wonderful red robes with their attendants, and they genuflected and crossed and bowed. The King and Queen entered next, taking their places on the magnificently embroidered throne, the infantas of Spain following. Then came another procession, this time with many ladies in white mantillas and beautiful dresses of pale yellow and blue; they reverenced first the cross, then the King and Queen, the infantas, and the Queen Mother. The chapel was filled with a blaze of colour as they took their seats.

After the Mass there was a Te Deum in recognition of the King's escape from the bomb. The orchestra for the occasion was fine, and the singing almost divine. The King performed all the devotions with much pomp, the Queen in her new religion following. It was one of the most perfect ceremonials I have ever seen. Before it was quite over we went down and were admitted to the sacristy, which had windows overlooking the galleries, so we saw the whole procession once more as it left the chapel.

A church service in Spain is always like stepping back into the Middle Ages. They say the Spanish are the most eloquent of all the Catholic clergy, and that Castilian is really the only language in which to address God.

A few weeks before going back to Madrid for the King's wedding we had been in Seville for the celebration of Holy Week. Those wonderful processions! There is nothing like them anywhere else in the world. They are made up of floats belonging to different churches and societies whose members walk with them. Most of the organisations adopt dominoes of some distinctive colour with high pointed hats from which long visors fall over the face and form a mask. Sometimes long trains are worn which are allowed to drag on the ground when passing the royal box.

The floats are from ten to twenty feet long and each one is borne by a score of men walking beneath. These men wear turbans so long that they form a sort of padding for the shoulders where the weight of the float falls. The procession moves very slowly, for the reason that they can only march about a hundred yards without stopping to rest. Besides being attended by the members of its own organisation, each float is also accompanied by soldiers and a band. The costumes of the members vary, now black velvet, or purple, or blue and white, or—like the members of the butcher society—those of Roman sol-

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diers. Some who were doing penance marched without shoes. Several girls took part in the procession we saw, one of them dressed as St. Veronica, with bare feet and long hair falling over her brown robe.

There were many figures of the Virgin, each on its own float and dressed in a superb robe of red or black or purple velvet with a long train embroidered in gold or silver. They are carved from wood and have painted faces and real hair. From neck to waist they are bedecked with wonderful jewels and wear crowns of real gems and rings and bracelets galore, and each one carries daintily a lace handkerchief. In front of them is a perfect forest of tall candles and at either corner a silver lamp. Often the base of the float is of silver, too. Even while peasants were starving, the sum of thirty thousand dollars was easily raised to buy a diamond crown for a Virgin.

The societies are composed of poor as well as rich members, of course. The cigarette factory girls' float, which represented a Virgin—like most of the others—was the most popular in the procession. The King left his box and, with his suite in uniform at his heels, joined the group and marched with them. This caused much cheering, for he was very popular and this was his first visit to Seville.

It was very gay that afternoon on the stand where the young monarch sat. All the seats were taken and it was much like a horse show—young men visiting the boxes and much flirting going on, for this is one of their few chances. Most of the women were dressed in black brocade with black mantilla, but wore bright roses in their hair and a gaily coloured petticoat, and many jewels.

Later that same afternoon we went to the cathedral to see the ceremony of the washing of the feet. Twelve men from the poorhouse had been selected, bathed, and given new suits for the occasion. They sat on a platform, each with a towel over his shoulder. The boot and stocking were taken from one foot which was dipped in a basin that a priest carried; this priest touched the foot with the towel and then the bishop kissed it. The robes of the bishop and canons were very handsome, and there was much incense.

Late in the evening the "Miserere" was sung very impressively in the cathedral, which was almost dark, lighted only by candles here and there, and filled with crowds of worshippers. The brilliantly lighted floats were carried through and then another procession began which lasted till four or five in the morning. I was standing there in the crowd and feeling very serious and religious when I was suddenly brought back to this world by a naughty Spaniard, who pinched me.

On Wednesday of Holy Week occurs the service of the rending of the great white veil behind the high altar, to symbolise the rending of the veil of the temple at the time of the crucifixion. Those of us who were not fortunate enough to have hired chairs stood during the ceremonies. Before us, and between us and the high altar, was a low railing with a great golden gate; at either side and in the centre were three pulpits. Behind us another golden gate led into the enclosed choir which is found only in Spain. Three priests mounted into the pulpits and chanted, each in turn. The service of the rending of the black veil is held on Saturday. At this ceremony there is a sound as of thunder, and the veil parts in the centre and disappears—this is perhaps the most impressive of all the services of Holy Week.

During Thursday and Friday of this week not a carriage was allowed in the streets. We were out in ours a few minutes longer than we should have been, for no one had told us about the custom, and in consequence we received a message from the governor and were obliged to pay a fine.

Thursday morning the King, with his mother and sister and a suite and guard, walked through the streets and prayed before the Virgin at various churches.

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A bull fight was to have taken place on Easter Sunday, but did not because the picadors struck. A law had been passed forbidding them to use such cruel picks. This made it more dangerous for them, since the bull did not tire so quickly, and it also resulted in the death of more horses. The matter was finally arranged, and the fight came off the following Tuesday. The first bull killed only one horse and was not considered "brave." We could not sit through any more, however—that was quite terrible enough.

Before leaving for Granada and other places we had a glimpse of the Alcazar, the famous old Moorish palace where the King stays when he is in town. It was in good condition and very beautiful, but seldom used. Our consul took us through the royal apartment, the King having just left for Madrid. The furniture was old and in bad taste, and the pictures of no value—in fact, the rooms reminded one of a shabby hotel. In the lovely tropical garden outside, where the roses were in bloom, they showed us a tree planted, it was said, by Columbus.

Everyone who goes to Spain visits Granada, so I suppose I must say a word about it, although we have read its story so often. The cathedral with its tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella was disappointing, but I think the garden of the Generalife, the summer palace of the Moorish kings, is the most enchanting place in the world. It is a series of gardens on a hillside with fountains and orange trees and great climbing roses, and flight after flight of stone steps with water flowing down a runnel in the top of the balustrades. From the highest point one has a superb view of lofty snow mountains and the luxuriant plain beneath, and looks down upon the huge walls and towers of the Alhambra fortifications on a hill below. Within the walls are hotels and dwellings, and the imposing though unfinished palace of Charles V.

There is also the old Moorish palace, the Alhambra, which is considered one of the wonders of the world. It is indeed a marvel of beautiful work in plaster with ceilings of wood inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, or with pendants in the form of stalactites. As the Mohammedan religion forbids the representation of man or beast, the designs are principally letters. The building was in fairly good condition, for it was being restored in many places. The baths of the sultan are handsome, but not so fine as some we saw in India.

The marriage tower was kept by two women whose parents had lived there before them till they were struck by lightning and killed. The sisters are obliged to ring the bell every hour during the night, for the irrigation of the fields is regulated by it.

A familiar figure about the hotel and the Alhambra grounds is the old king of the gypsies, picturesque in his quaint costume. Many of his people live not far away in caves dug out of ledges of rock, not wandering as most gypsies do, but staying there from one generation to another. Their rooms are whitewashed and kept very clean, with brass dishes shining on the walls. A garrulous old woman, whose palm I had crossed with silver, told my fortune. With mysterious signs she offered me some well-worn cards to cut and bade me make a wish. Then she herself cut and re-cut the cards and laid them out, while the bold, hard-faced gypsy girls and the lying, thieving gypsy men stood close to listen. It was the usual story—a dark man, danger (the card with the dagger), adventure (the card with the lantern), and money, with the bag of gold. But with the bright pans gleaming on the walls and reflecting the firelight on those dark faces with flashing black eyes and sinister glances it made a weird sight that I have not forgotten.

We left Granada and the beautiful snow mountains and went down to the plain, where the poppies were in bloom. This is the land of oranges, olives, corn, and grapes, and we passed fields where the black bulls that were being raised

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for Los Toros were pastured. On the way to Gibraltar there were groves of cork oaks, their trunks showing orange where the bark had been stripped off.

As we steamed across the Straits from Algeciras the mountains on the coast of Africa changed from pale blue to grey and brown and green. The little walled town of Tarifa, the last stand of the Moors, slipped past us, while away in the distance Cape Trafalgar stretched out into the Atlantic.

At first glimpse Tangier was disappointing—just a town of white houses piled up on the hillside. But when we had had the excitement of landing, with shouting Moors and Berbers and whatnots fighting for us, and had passed the Water Gate into the winding ways and got into the squalour and rags—never have I seen such rags as in Tangier!—we began to realise that it had the atmosphere and charm of the East.

From the terrace of our hotel outside the walls we could look out upon the great busy market with all its life and bustle. People streamed past like ants and here and there, rising above them, was the fine figure of a horseman all enveloped in his burnoose and riding his red-saddled Arab. Crowds of people sat on the ground about a story-teller, who also fenced with sticks for the amusement of his patrons. Donkeys stood patiently by, waiting for the loads of grass on their backs to be sold. Women, too, were beasts of burden, for many of them bore bundles of sticks which they had brought into the city from miles away and were waiting to sell. Under cover, we heard, there was still the buying and selling of slaves.

The different sects of Mohammedans with their music and their flying flags of yellow or green-and-yellow, the tomb of a local saint in the centre of the square with its rag of red flag, the cemetery below where miserable little processions passed in and out all day long, gave us always something to look at. Then there were the beggars, who seemed to make the bridges their special haunt—dreadful creatures, many of them blind and all in rags. Some had had their eyes put out by their masters for stealing.

In a small whitewashed hut sat Raisuli's judge in summary court with gesticulating crowds forever quarrelling before the door. Raisuli seemed to be a very powerful and much dreaded man. All disputes in his district were taken to this judge of his in the market-place. He had two enemies shot while we were in Tangier, and it caused a lot of excitement, making it dangerous for foreigners to go far outside the city. All the legations were in his district, and the friends of the men whom he had killed were anxious to capture a foreign diplomat and hold him till they were given Raisuli in exchange.

Stories of residents in Tangier made us realise that we were within the sway of Oriental justice. Here the sultans and bashaws and caids ruled undisturbed and their will was law. All the legations could do in those days was to try to keep out of trouble. The situation was all the wilder because everyone in Tangier knew that so many countries were hungering for Morocco that no one would give way to another. The squabble at Algeciras had made them realise their independence of foreigners and their ability to fight among themselves as they pleased, and to treat foreigners as they chose.

The streets of the city were narrow and dirty, and most of the people one saw were men. Women of the better class never go out except on Fridays, when they may visit other women, and on the one day in the year when they go to the mosque. The houses are white and are much like those of the Spaniards, with a court in the centre. The doorway of a Moorish house is closed only by curtains, but when the owner wishes privacy he leaves a slipper outside. Men have been known to wall up the door on going away for several months, leaving their wives and servants with food inside. They told us that in Fez, the capital of Morocco, no one was allowed to sell or rent a house to a missionary,

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and that one man who did so had been crucified.

A Mohammedan can have four wives and as many slave women as he can afford. He can divorce any one of his wives at any time by giving her back the amount of money she came to him with, and she can marry again. The husband may pick out any child of any wife to succeed him.

Wives are supposed to cook the food for their husbands, to make their clothes, and grow fat. Country women have more freedom than those in cities, for they are obliged to work outdoors, and in that way they meet men and marry the one they care for. In the wedding ceremony they must lift the veil, and if they are being married to some one they do not like they can refuse to lift it.

The shereef of Wazzan married an English woman who was governess in the family of Mr. Perdicaris.* The shereef, who was the son of a black slave, asked if a daughter of his could be taught by the governess, and so came to know and love her. Mrs. Perdicaris sent her back to England to her parents, hoping to prevent the marriage, but the shereef sent to ask them for their daughter's hand, promising to divorce the three wives he already had. The girl returned to Morocco and married him. Three years later Mrs. Perdicaris had a letter from her saying that she was being slowly poisoned, and begging for help. Mrs. Perdicaris went to the English minister, who sent word to the shereef that his wife must be given up to them at once, alive. So she was, and at the time we were there lived in a nice house with one of her sons, who had married a Moorish woman. The shereef died soon after, and she now points to his photographs with much pride.

Morocco is the land of presents. If you admire anything it will probably be given to you, but—a gift of equal value is expected in return. The Sultan always gives a foreign minister a horse and saddle or a carpet, and swords or daggers to the secretaries of legation.

An American whom we met had been to Fez, which is a four to six days' journey from Tangier. The Sultan of Morocco, who lived there, had taken a fancy to him and presented him with a mule and a saddle of red velvet and gold, and also with a "holy" horse which had been to Mecca. He told us that the natives used to come to see it, and kiss it, and it was always the first horse in the stable to be fed. On the other hand, happening to admire the American's riding crop, he took it and said, "This is a nice one. I will keep it." A cigarette case and other things went the same way. Once when they were riding together the American chanced to admire a house they were passing. That night the Sultan bought it for him!

Early one evening as we stood in a window overlooking Tangier there was a report of a gun from the mosque. This was followed by the wildest fusillade all over the town, from roof tops and from the midst of the crowd in the market below our windows. There was smoke everywhere, and we could hear the whiz of bullets. The noise lasted for some time, and we were much relieved later to learn that it was not a riot, but simply a celebration in honour of the new moon, which was specially welcome this month because Mohammed's birthday occurred in it.

After dinner one night in the consul's garden some native musicians grouped themselves against a wall beneath some vines, looking very picturesque in the dim lantern light. A flute player gave us the wild music of the land, and the others played with their quaint instruments. Among the tunes was the old Lament of the Fall of Granada, which tells of the grief of the Moors at being driven from their homes in Spain. This reminded us of something we had heard, that the Moors of to-day still treasure the keys of the houses in Granada which their ancestors left four hundred years ago, never to see again.

*Mr. Perdicaris was the American who was kidnapped by Raisuli.

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PRESIDENT WILSON IN CONTEMPORARY CRITIQUE*

BY LUTHER E. ROBINSON

THE interpretation of contemporary personages and events loses the contagion of sweetness and light which springs from an ample perspective. It suffers the illusions of judgment too close to its objects of regard. On the other hand, it often avails, even by force of special pleading, to indicate useful lines of evidence or by its sins of omission induce a search for better standards of judging well. Stimulating public opinion by definitely selected persons and points of interest, it helps to create an atmosphere of new ideas by the challenge it throws out to those whose complacency or bias of mind has stood them in stead of trustworthier conclusions.

In our country, criticism of this instrumental sort, especially in the field of politics, is too little cultivated. We need more of it for its synthetic effects upon our diverse currents of public sentiment. It should come to us in the form of thoughtfully written books for the home and the library. Our daily papers cannot answer for it, inasmuch as the judgments of the press are, for the most part, newsy, fluctuating, and impressionistic. Our periodicals are too versatile in matter to give it more than occasional consideration. Although we are traditionally a party people, independent thinking and voting have made prophetic progress among us in recent years. Our few books on public leaders and policies at home too often lack the freedom from prepossession or expediency or academic manner which the catholicity of our national development might easily suggest. For this reason, a well-considered foreign view of our national policies and personalities is all the more welcome.

A very compact, well-balanced book has been written by H. W. Harris, of London, to interpret President Wilson and his measures to English readers. It was published in England just before our declaration of a state of war with Germany, but the recent American edition includes the author's account of the circumstances leading to the rupture. The book is semi-biographic. The main facts of the President's nativity and education, of his professional and literary life, are outlined by way of prelude to the larger purpose of exhibiting his acts and motives as a statesman. At the opening of the European war, the President's attitude of strict neutrality was felt by many in Great Britain to stand for American indifference to the issues and tragedies involved. The English public needed an explanation of our point of view by one of their own number. Believing that "The relation between Great Britain and America will be among the most powerful factors in world politics after the war," Mr. Harris hoped by his effort to help effect a closer understanding between the people of his country and those of our own.

Such a purpose, always welcome whether in peace or in war, could best be served by a clear-eyed summary of the President's life, particularly of his principles of statecraft. The language of the book, always simple and dignified, nowhere weakens to the impulse of British predisposition. The impersonal temper in which with expert brevity the author

*President Wilson from an English Point of View. By H. Wilson Harris. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Woodrow Wilson, the Man and His Work. By Henry Jones Ford. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Woodrow Wilson as President. By E. C. Brooks. Chicago: Row Peterson and Company.

Wilson and the Issues. By George Creel. New York: The Century Company.

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has aligned and appraised the acts and objects of the President's domestic policy will be gratifying to his readers on this side. Mr. Wilson's practical philosophy of corporate control and monopoly, of tariff and finance, of labour and capital, as well as of the articulation to be desired of incoherent and duplicating agencies for the sake of greater economic efficiency, are presented with clearness and candour. His ideas of government are shown to have evolved with remarkable unity from his earlier days of academic reflection to his later successes in directing the course of congressional legislation. At the conclusion of his book, Mr. Harris reproduces the President's address to the Senate on January 21, 1917, and his second inaugural. These he regards as containing the Executive's fullest expression of the future rôle of the United States in international politics—a frank abandonment of the "detachment and isolation that for ninety years has been the corner-stone of her foreign policy."

In his accurate and sufficiently detailed exposition of our politics, Mr. Harris does not forget to remind his audience of points of difference between American and British processes of government, not so fully, of course, as we get them from Mr. Bryce or Lord Charnwood. The institution of a presidential programme through the *milieu* of congressional committees has seldom, if ever, furnished a more interesting example of the practice and tendency of our constitutional system than during Mr. Wilson's first administration. This is well illustrated by what the author has to say in his chapter on "The Attack on Privilege," discussing the late tariff and currency acts. The growing leadership of our presidential office in legislative initiative is a development analogous to the similar function of the British Prime Ministry. Mr. Wilson's incumbency has strengthened this analogy somewhat. Readers of Mr. Harris's volume who have noticed this tendency will be interested in his reference to the President's early predilection for government by Cabinet responsibility. His sympathy for this method is shown to date as far back as 1879, when as a senior at Princeton he published a well-conceived article in the *International Review* endorsing "Cabinet Government in the United States."

The President's leadership in the legislative programme of his first term confronted a situation whose difficulty this English writer notices with a directness it deserves. Although nominated and elected by forces in revolt against "machine rule," his advent to the Executive office carried with it the necessity of reshaping the ideals of his own party in Congress to a point of knowledge and courage sufficient to support the new ethics he proposed to advance both in law and administration. This as we know called for patience and tact of a high order. It is doubtless too early to consider at length the importance of Mr. Wilson's ideals on party or political standards. It is clear that he has followed his settled convictions in this direction. Some years before there was any expectation that he would be called to the responsibility, he recorded as his view of the presidency that the party nominating the Executive "cannot but be led by him in the campaign; if he is elected, it cannot but acquiesce in his leadership of the government itself."

His responsibility for the conduct of our foreign affairs has, of course, involved the points at which criticism has shot its most ardent shafts at the President. One might gather from this English view that it is too early for an impartial verdict here also. Mr. Harris indicates the right and left sides of the elusive Mexican problem and invites the reader to make his choice. He notes, however, the President's committal to the doctrine that "nationals of one state operating in another state for their own benefit do so at their own risk," and finds in this attitude not only a "striking departure from international practice," but an inconsistency when opposed to some of the ideas which Mr. Wilson later expressed in his speeches on "pre-

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paredness." It may be admitted that Mexican atrocities received a more clement treatment than the distresses inflicted upon our citizens and their rights by a government from which the President had every reason to expect the ability and the sense of humanity to maintain treaty obligations and respect for international practice.

The frankest defence of the President's policy of non-intervention in Mexico comes from Mr. Henry Jones Ford, professor of politics at Princeton, in his volume on *Woodrow Wilson.* There is no question in his mind but our citizens go to other countries at their own risk; that they may expect nothing more from their government than that it will insist "on legal treatment and reparation" for the "violation of rights secured by treaty and acknowledged by international law." The proper *modus,* he thinks, is to demand satisfaction for injuries received. This *modus* the administration has pursued toward Mexico, and the "Carranza Government has acted with promptitude and energy in pursuing and executing bandits implicated in the murder of American citizens." This orthodox position would be simple if it satisfied all of the conditions or provided for every exigency. The very existence of "rights secured by treaty or acknowledged by international law," insisted upon, would undoubtedly require a government to share the risks of its citizens engaged in residence and business abroad, and might easily call for intervention in behalf of their rights secured by treaty where no reparation for serious injustice were made. But in the case of irresponsible Mexico, too much torn by internal troubles for impatient action on our part, there was every reason for both forbearance and prevision. The "adroit utilisation of opportunities to establish more cordial relations with all the American countries" was a practical wisdom which both Mr. Ford and Mr. Harris lay to the President's credit. This forward-looking result, not to speak of Mr. Wilson's expressed sympathy for the Mexican people in their hard struggle for emancipation, naturally placed our country in a far happier position to face the complicated international burden thrust upon us by the quarrel, and its event, with Germany.

Collateral with Mr. Harris's purpose to enlighten an uncomprehending British public on the policies of the administration is his pertinent observation of British short-sightedness in judging America exclusively "by the Eastern States." This defect arises, he remarks, from the British habit of reading American papers from east of the Alleghenies only and ignoring those west. In working out its destiny, the West, he admits, has social and economic ideals of its own. "It fears and hates war for reasons that demand respect"—some of them "pardonably lost on the average Englishman," though not on Mr. Wilson, "who never allowed himself to forget that he was President of the West as well as of the East." It is likely that Mr. Harris virtually parallels the prevailing sentiment of this country in his opinion of the President that "No statesman living to-day has more consistently, more resolutely, or with deeper conviction applied in the government of a great commonwealth the lessons of a discerning, a sober and a constructive liberalism."

It is the province of political interpretation to indicate the blemishes as well as the distinctions of statecraft. The interpreter must be expected to speak with knowledge and restraint in commending what he regards as well done no less than in charity or rebuke of what he believes to be ill done. Mr. Harris does not pass over certain infelicities of speech by which the President has at times confused the public mind and produced the impression of hesitation or conscious inconsistency in ideas. These apparent delinquencies he connects with those well-known addresses containing the expressions, "too proud to fight," "peace without victory," "with the causes and objects of the war we have no concern," etc. The misfortune

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of these expressions, as he correctly sees them, lay not in their true interpretations, but in the misconception they could so easily engender.

From his ability to look at both sides of a question with admirable disinterestedness, Mr. Harris has approached a more complete standard of interpreting the President than Professor Ford has succeeded in doing. The latter's book is full of useful information about Mr. Wilson. The chapters on his "Career as an Educator" and "His Books and Essays" surpass the corresponding sections of the English volume. The chapter on "Personal Traits" is capital. It is the most luminous "side-light" on the President's personality yet published. The Appendix reproduces the Palmer letter of February, 1913, giving Mr. Wilson's views on the proposal to make a president ineligible for re-election. That part of the book dealing with the President's public acts was written (and well written) to espouse his re-election. Here one fails at times to find the judicial temper that belongs to the historical spirit and method.

In still less degree is this temper and method employed in the book on *Woodrow Wilson As President,* by Professor Brooks, of Trinity College. This volume is an anthology of the President's public utterances, not a biography. As a compilation it is quite useful for libraries, where students of our politics and history may find in severalty Mr. Wilson's views on numerous questions of import in our time. The running comments prefacing the selections are full but uncritical. The writer is an ardent advocate of every act and attitude of the President *sans condition.* So is Mr. George Creel, in his piquant little volume on *Wilson and the Issues.* This racy *apologia* of the President's political achievements during his first four years of service must have delighted many a well-wisher for the choice of Mr. Wilson for a second term. It must have furnished flavorous *divertissement* to some independents leaning in the same direction. The book supplied a telling counter-irritant to the highly seasoned stump arraignments of the opposition. As a piece of special pleading, but very ably briefed, it must find repose in the libraries as a document of interest chiefly to the special student of our party politics.

It is indeed difficult, if at all possible, in portraying a contemporary, to escape the pitfalls of prepossession or of illusion. It is of course easier to write with a personal purpose, to maintain a special thesis. Moreover, as Mr. Bryce once pointed out in an essay on Gladstone, it is difficult to explain or judge a man whose activities have covered various fields of endeavour. The task is rendered less simple in the case of men who, like Gladstone and President Wilson, appear to unite strong individuality and unquestioned scholarship with marked political astuteness. Yet, whatever its shortcomings, every book written in good earnestness about a living leader or contemporary event of public interest helps on to a just, if long deferred, estimate. These books on President Wilson, among others, touch in common the clear note of modern democracy, to which he has perhaps given the noblest expression in our day. For possibly no better formula for government by the people, in its fateful struggle against the rule of force, has been conceived in our time than may be found in his late response to the peace proposals of the Pope. The perfect utterances of that great state paper must have brought high spiritual satisfaction and cheer to the friends and forces of popular government around the world.

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SOME STORIES OF THE MONTH*

By H. W. BOYNTON

SONIA is a story of our own day and hour. The two worlds of its subtitle are the worlds of a past and a future separated by the war. The action brings its characters to the hour of self-realisation; their development belongs chiefly, after all, to the past. Most of the narrative, therefore, is given to the ante-bellum England which, however spiritually wandering, seemed so physically safe. The book is rather closely analogous to St. John Ervine's *Shifting Winds*. Here also is told at great length the story of a group of young Britons, making their way together through public school and university, sharing work and play and boyish dreams of ameliorating the sadness and reforming the corruption of the existing world. We are spared nothing of detail as to their speculations and arguments, hardly an aspect of the political and literary life of England during the past two decades is untouched upon. Nor does the chronicler, Oakleigh, hesitate to pause frequently for dissertation and commentary upon his records; his whole conscious life is tied up with the public fortunes of England in a fashion hard for an American to understand: "I can just remember, as a child of six, the fall of Mr. Gladstone's third administration. . . . I remember remotely and indistinctly fighting a young opponent at my private school over the rejection of the second Home Rule Bill; two years later Liberalism went behind a cloud, the Liberal Unionists came in welcomed and desired, and almost immediately—as it seemed—we were busy preparing for the Diamond Jubilee." An uncle of Oakleigh's is a political power in London, and Oakleigh himself in due time enters the arena, with a high heart. But his uncle's pessimistic forecast is presently justified; the nephew finds that politics is less a mission than a game, and he is pretty well disillusioned and weary of effort to improve the world when the war takes matters, for better or worse, into its own hands. So it happens with his two best friends. One is Jim Loring, who is also the Earl of Chepstow: with all his brilliancy of mind, he sees nothing ahead but the following out of the traditions of his class; there are too many difficulties in the way of letting himself go, of generously abandoning himself to his kind. As for O'Rane, with his fierce dreams for human liberty and happiness, he is on the way to madness when the battle-call summons him to a concrete duty. O'Rane is the real hero of the story—and, on the whole, its least real person; a kind of super-adventurer, before whose magnetism all men bow, He knows great sorrows and makes theatrical use of them, does a good deal of snivelling over himself, first and last. In his treatment of Sonia he is an undeniable bounder. He is supposed, of course, to atone for everything and to vindicate himself, once for all, by his extraordinary martyrdom at the front;

*Sonia: Between Two Worlds. By Stephen McKenna. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Snare. By Rafael Sabatini. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Behind the Thicket. By W. E. B. Henderson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Day and Night Stories. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

The Triumph. By Will N. Harben. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Man Thou Gavest. By Harriet T. Comstock. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Jap Herron: A Novel Written from the Ouija Board. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

The Treloars. By Mary Fisher. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

We Can't Have Everything. By Rupert Hughes. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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but he remains a woman's hero, a species of Byron-Rochester-Manisty (Does anybody remember Mrs. Ward's Manisty?) such as few male readers can really admire. The book does not end without its prophecy as to the nature of the new world toward which we are moving: "A generation has gone to war," cries O'Rane, "and two-thirds of its manhood will never return. A third may come back, and when peace dawns it will light up an England of old men, women, and boys. The returning troops who have looked death in the eyes and been spared—were they spared for nothing? Destiny, Providence, God, Luck, even. You may choose your name. If they come back when others as good or better are blown or tortured to death, do you suppose their escape hasn't bred in them a soul? For a day and a night they have lived the Grand Life; will they slip back? If they'll die for their country, won't they live for it? Can't you dream of a New Birth . . . ?"

In *The Snare,* that skilful romancer Rafael Sabatini offers a not ungrateful diversion from the present with its troubles, by recolouring and revivifying a certain troublous incident out of the past. It is an incident of Wellington's campaign against the French in Portugal. Wellington was out to save Portugal, but there were traitors in high places secretly opposing his methods and playing the spy for the enemy. His plan involved laying waste great tracts behind the frontier reaching to fortifications secretly prepared, before which, already starving, the French should be brought up short and forced to turn. It was to be a bold stroke against the Napoleonic principle of "living on the country." But it all depended on secrecy and unity of action. Suddenly the drunken blunder of a young English officer gives the plotters their chance to upset the delicate balance. Their influence causes the Portuguese Council of Regency to demand that the culprit be made a scapegoat. He is at large, and it falls to his brother-in-law, O'Moy, British Adjutant-General at Lisbon, to promise that he shall be shot when taken. From this situation develops a coil of circumstance whose disentangling any reader who is at all susceptible to romantic narrative will follow with breathless interest. It is decidedly the sort of plot that ought not to be given away by the reviewer. Mr. Sabatini shows his quality by giving his *personæ* enough characterisation (and not too much, as may easily be in romance) to lift the performance from the earthy status of the cheap thriller to the celestial plane of romance.

The effect of *Behind the Thicket* is also romantic, although the element of romance emerges slowly from the satiric realism of the greater part of the narrative. Not until the very end do we perceive that six-sevenths of these pages have been introductory, and that the brief concluding Third Book contains the real gist of the matter. A fairly prosperous couple of Londoners, some time married, are ordered out of the city for the sake of their six-year-old boy, and take a house in rural but accessible "Wokeborough." The mother is herself rather delicate, and in this very neighbourhood, during the months before the boy Michael's birth, has developed a strange sensitiveness of response to nature, "a modern Pan-worship deriving from a deep and little-worked vein of sensuousness which underlay her nature." The boy has inherited this. In most respects and in most moods he is normal enough, but at times the woods call him irresistibly, and he is good for nothing till he has responded, at least momentarily, to the call. I falls to him in due time to take up the ordinary life of the respectable young Londoner in the conventional business office. Outside the steady pressure of this slavery the world slowly crowds in upon him—a very modern world. Worldly women tempt him—in vain, because of a strange dream in his heart. His sister falls in with a fast Bohemian set, imbibes the doctrine, and becomes

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the mistress of a musician, and in the end goes wrong altogether. Two or three chapters here embody an unsparing and quite shattering realism. Michael's mother is dead, his sister worse than dead, his whole world in a meaningless coil. From it all he makes his final escape to his beloved forests. Alone in the woods, Michael swiftly reverts to an ancient character, sloughs off the habits and senses of civilisation, and becomes a faun whose nymph, dimly visioned in her earlier state, now awaits him. Their moment of perfect union is broken by the wrath of Dionysos: in the throat of the dead faun the only human being who could have comprehended finds the arrow of the jealous god.

The short Third Book might very well stand by itself as an imaginative sketch rather in the manner of Mr. Blackwood. Several of the new *Day and Night Stories* by that delver into the occult have much the same idea as *Behind the Thicket*. In "The Touch of Pan," an Englishman is drifting wearily toward marriage with a woman of the fast, modern type. The life of his class disgusts him, but nothing better seems attainable. Then, at the eleventh hour, he is released. At a fashionably dissolute house party he finds a daughter of the family who is kept in the background, a girl of mind and character so simple and complete that her people think her an idiot. The strange pair are drawn together at once, are sure, without any stages of acquaintanceship, that they belong together. They meet that night in the forest, to become faun and nymph among the riotous people of the night, and to be sealed to each other by Pan himself. From their excursion into the unmoral pagan world of nature they return to gaze with horror at the deliberate and joyless immorality of the country house set. "Initiation" describes a similar reunion with primitive nature on the part of a New York banker in whose commercial soul has survived a trace of the love of pagan beauty which had inspired a remote English ancestor. The other tales all have to do with the borderland between life and death, with reincarnations, or with other subliminal matters. It is probably coincidence that the title of this book has already been used for two volumes of more or less creepy stories by Mr. T. R. Sullivan, published in the early nineties. Mr. Blackwood's fancies are to my mind more effective in these brief sketches than in the long-drawn narratives of *Julius Le Vallon* and *The Wave*.

The American novels of the moment are nearly all of romantic temper. In *The Triumph* Mr. Harben holds to his usual local Georgian setting, but this is a story of Georgia in the time of the Civil War. The central figure, Andrew Merlin, is a hater of slavery, and long before the outbreak of the war has taken his stand for the preservation of the Union. He is shiftless in practical matters, and his family standard of living is not much above the level of the poor whites. His brother Thomas, on the contrary, is a wealthy planter and slave-holder, a dogmatist and fire-eater of the true ante-bellum type. The two are strongly, not to say artificially, contrasted in every possible way. Their differences of opinion are made less tolerable by an unlucky business connection, in which Andrew's tactlessness is chiefly at fault. Then open rupture comes: a slave is turned over to the unwilling Andrew in payment of a debt, and the whole countryside is outraged when Andrew lives up to his principles by first treating the negro as an equal, and then actually setting him free. Only the zealot's daughter stands by him; his wife despises him, and his son enlists under the Confederacy after he himself has joined the Northern forces. The end of the military struggle means little peace for him, he comes home crippled to find that his son has been killed, that his wife hates him, and that he is expected to walk softly in the presence of his neighbours. This is not in him; he is as

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outspoken and independent as ever, and things conspire to make him odious and suspected. In the end he owes his narrow escape from the summary vengeance of the Ku Klux to the sudden magnanimity of his powerful brother, and finds himself free and respected at last, in a land of promise. "In life's grim battle the triumph was his"—a triumph involving the marriage of his daughter to the son of that aristocratic Southern family which has always held him as dirt beneath its feet. It cannot be said that Mr. Harben's aristocrats are as "convincing" as his commonalty; Anne Merlin and Arthur Preston are a singularly wooden pair of leading juveniles.

The Man Thou Gavest is a tale of northern city and southern mountain, very feminine and emotional in tone and substance: Northern young man is despatched southward for his health, finds lodging in the hut of a mountain sheriff, who presently makes off to the deep woods, leaving his guest alone with his already restored health and a play he is fiddling with. Enter mountain maid, wild but innocent—sudden love—pair isolated by storm—"In Thy sight I take this woman for my wife." Young man summoned North—must make her his wife in the sight of man before he goes—no parson. Storm has done for parson. Well—back soon. Fate and the author intervene. By a generous provision of misunderstandings and mystifications the young pair are to see each other no more. The mountain maid bears her child of shame, and is magnanimously wed by her ancient mountain lover. The young man's eyes are gradually opened to the perfections of the girl he has known from childhood and has probably always loved. They marry. This girl is quite modern; she has already solved the problem of "economic independence," and intends their marriage to be an equal partnership, or slightly more so. Presently the husband shows that he misunderstands her, says something rather rude, in fact, and she promptly withdraws into her own fastness. Of course people who misunderstand each other like that should thenceforth be married "in name only." From this time on Lynda takes the lead, kindly instructing her husband from time to time in the way he should go. Meanwhile, though they both want children, they remain apart in order to preserve their self-respect; and presently, when they have respected themselves and each other sufficiently, it appears that they are not likely to have children. Then appears the mountain maid out of the past, and offers Lynda her child. So Lynda adopts it without revealing to her husband that it is his own child—until, years later, the right and effective moment arrives. The fatal weakness in this story is not its artificiality of plot and excess of emotion so much as the hollow elaboration of its characters. We might have enjoyed the romance if the author had not tried to make it a vehicle for realism.

Jap Herron is another odd mélange. It purports to come from Mark Twain; though the publishers refrain from putting his name on the title page, they do not scruple to use his portrait as frontispiece and on the cover. "Over the ouija board," two literary ladies have received, with some difficulty, this in some respects Twainish yarn. Suppose we forget its source and look at the thing itself. Jap Herron is the son of the local drunkard of a village somewhere in Missouri. After his father's death and his mother's remarriage "to another bum," Jap runs away and strays into Bloomtown and the printing office of the *Herald* of that little place. The editor, Ellis Hinton, has already worked and starved himself to the verge of consumption—an idealist who has hitched one of his traces to a star and the other to a village newspaper, which must truckle to succeed. Bloomtown is a dingy, gone-to-seed little place, which has once been defeated of a railroad, and has never fairly held up its head since. Years back Hinton has been

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cheated into buying the *Herald,* and has clung to it as a forlorn hope. Jap appoints himself assistant, which means chiefly the sharing of Hinton's thankless toil and pitiful fare. The two become devoted to each other; a good third is added them in the son of the village skinflint, and, later, a fourth in the angelic middle-aged Flossy, who marries Hinton and mothers them all. It is Hinton's dream that Jap shall grow up to be what he himself has wished to be, a power for righteousness in the community. Jap does: we leave him secure in the esteem and leadership of a rejuvenated Bloomtown, triumphant over its elements of sloth and of evil. This outline shows a story such as Mark Twain in the flesh might have written; and it is filled in with scenes and dialogues of a rough rustic humour which, as the ouija board justly prides itself, "sounds like Mark." But our outline does not suggest the predominating quality of the book—a strained sensibility, a pathos deliberately fostered and "rubbed in." Jap bursts into tears on the slightest excuse. Confronted with Flossy's baby, and told that it is to be named for him, he "sobs stormily," falls on his knees and cries, "If God lets me live, Flossy, I will make him proud of me." But most of the pathos has to do with death foreseen, experienced, or recalled. Hinton dies; Flossy and the baby die; and the details of earthly grief are luxuriated in to the utmost. Is it a Mark-Twain boy who, long after Flossy's death, sobs over her grave "in an abandon of grief"? Is it the Mark Twain of our knowledge—is it, alas! a Mark Twain freed from the bondage of death, who thus gloats over human pain? "Boys they were, despite their years, and Flossy had been more to them than the mother whom youth is prone to take for granted. When the tempest of sorrow and desolation had spent itself they arose. . . . 'It is done,' said Jap, looking up into the sky where the stars were beginning to twinkle palely. 'It had to be done. Now I can realise that they laid Flossy beneath the earth. But, please God, I can't forget it. Now I know that she has left the beautiful shell behind. But, Bill,' he touched the mound with his fingers, 'Flossy has never been here, never for an instant.' "

The Treloars is a book of scope and power by a hand fresh at story-making. Readers who like swift action may find the conduct of the narrative too leisurely. By others, the digressions and discussions which fill so many of these pages may be regarded as the cream of the book. There is a story here, however. The scene is California. The Treloars, who live in the country near Berkeley, are a family of high cultivation and of warm humanity. The father is a brilliant man who has ceased to be a parson, years since, because he can no longer conform to the creed of the Church. Thereafter he has gone his own intellectual way, not unrecognised by scholars and thinkers, but without great achievement in the worldly sense. Hard by lives his friend and intimate, who is also a detached philosopher—of another school. Their chief recreation is in controversy. Treloar has three grown children. With one of the daughters, Catherine, we have little to do—a girl who has brains enough only for the hard and selfish part of the modern feminist practice. Margaret, the other, is a woman of intellect and character. Her brother Dick holds the centre of her stage, and responds to her devotion. We meet her at the moment when Dick is about to try his fledgling wings at journalism. In the city he presently meets an enchantress, an actress of none too savoury past. The wrecking of his sister's happiness and a luckless marriage are the result. He is released before the total crippling of his life, and after an illuminating experience with that great destroyer and maker of men, the war-front, achieves a real union with the good and simple girl he should have married in the first place; to Margaret also the chances of war have brought a fitting mate. The "plot," as will be seen, is wrought out of familiar materials. The

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weight of the book lies in its honest characterisation, and in the wealth of thoughtful commentary upon modern life and with which the narrative is enriched. In the young German, Max Gietmann, with his contempt for moral and æsthetic standards and his cynical exaltation of brute force, the familiar devil of the modern world is embodied in little.

The six-hundred-odd pages of *We Can't Have Everything* display Mr. Hughes at his most discursive and casual. Their discursiveness is often very amusing and sometimes edifying; their casualty (as Mr. Hughes would say) is irritating and disappointing. For this writer, whether he cares about it or not, has shown himself capable of genuine interpretation and characterisation—by which, of course, the critic means nothing less human or desirable than the painting of actual humanity at its business of living. The people of this book are not actual, they are relative and insubstantial. They float vaguely before us in a cloud of talk—or, let us say, pinned to the machinery of the coldly invented action. They are typical in the little sense and not in the big. Each of them reminds us, more or less strongly, of some human type we have seen or heard or read of, but none of them makes us forget the type in the act of embodying it. Kedzie Thropp is the young person all our novelists try their hands at, sooner or later—the ignorant little beauty from the provinces (preferably the Middle West) who comes to New York, handicapped by vulgar and offensive kin, and takes it physically by storm. This lady has had a hundred rehandlings since Mrs. Wharton's Undine Spragg. Kedzie Thropp is as good as the rest of them—perhaps as good as the best of them; the little smiling, hard-hearted soldier of fortune who gets all the loot there is, but never all she wants. Step by step, inch by inch, we attend her progress and share her promoted discontent, as spanked child, candy saleswoman, Grecian dancer, movie queen, titular member of the Four Hundred, to the supreme yet still discontented hour when she spurns these shores as a fully accredited marchioness of England. *Integer vitae*—her dress and manner and titles change, but she herself remains the same Kedzie who first forced her way in the reluctant wake of her parents from Nimrim, Missouri, to the charmed portals of Manhattan. She is the one person in the story in whom we more or less believe. As for the others, the more strokes the artist puts into their portraits, the less clearly we see them. Jim Dyckman, athletic millionaire and aristocrat, perilously resembles one of Mr. R. W. Chambers's husky and gilded puppets. The fact that his author will not let him speak like an English chappie does not atone for his forcing him to speak like an American mucker. We are always hearing about what a gentleman he is, but we never see him—never hear him, at least—being it. Nor does Charity Coe Cheever impress herself upon us as the fine patrician she is cracked up to be. They are both commonplace and common, and whether they remain two or become a pair does not really strike us as worth all the trouble we are put to for their sakes. The truth is, Mr. Hughes has again, in the thin disguise of a story-teller, taken the floor to have his say about something. The title suggests the satirical humour which gives the story such value as it has, as a story. There is no such thing as absolute satisfaction in life, he says, the rich are no nearer perfect felicity than the poor; the virtuous have their bad moments as well as the vicious; everything we have must be paid for in some way. But if this is the moral of the book, it is not its theme. Several times of late this writer has made himself a champion of one article or another of the feminist creed. *Clipped Wings* really enforced, by means of an excellent story, the idea that a woman ought not to be required to express herself only in marriage; *The Third Commandment* upheld the neces-

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sity of "economic independence" for married women; the present book is an argument in favour of tolerably easy divorce, with a laboriously arranged exhibit of what decent people may suffer under the present laws of New York State. If the believer could only have embodied his belief in his story! Unluckily, it is only too clear that his idea and not his people interests him. That is a singularly lame and impotent conclusion which finally permits Jim to bribe the necessary clergyman into marrying him and Charity, and then holds them up as worthy to receive "a certain praise and gratitude which the world gives only to those who defy it for the sake of what their own souls tell them is good and true and honourable."

OTHER BOOKS DISCUSSED

Waldemar Westergaard's "The Danish West Indies"*

Amid the thunders of a world war events of importance in themselves and worthy of considerable attention transpire almost unnoticed. Thus it happens that the transfer to the United States by the Danish Government of three West India Islands, St. Thomas, St. Croix and St. John, was hardly even "news" sufficient to call for front-page comment in the press, or to arouse any particular interest on the part of a public satiated with "news" of catastrophal quality and quantity. And yet in a great many ways this event possessed importance beyond its surface interest. It meant the retirement of Denmark from the Western Hemisphere, and, in fact, the retirement of Denmark from the world map as a Colonial Power. It meant an extending of the sphere of influence of the United States southward and eastward in a direct line from Porto Rico and Hayti, and it meant the acquisition for this influence of two excellent harbours in the Canal Zone which militarists tell us are of strategic importance, but which common sense tells us are of immense commercial importance for the protection of shipping in a hurricane-ridden territory.

Denmark realised the importance of the sale, and throughout the autumn months during which the negotiations approached an acute stage and finally came to completion, the sale of the islands was the topic next in importance to the war, at times even of equal importance, since the war was with people daily in the Scandinavian countries, and the sale was something new. There was intense excitement and a clash of opinions that brought down a hornet's nest about the heads of the responsible ministers. There was a new note in that discussion, something just hinted at at the time of our purchase of the Philippine Islands, and openly voiced in Denmark last autumn; this was the question of the rights of the inhabitants of the islands, the question as to whether their allegiance to this or the other nationality was a thing that could be bought and sold . . . as it has always been considered hitherto.

However, the sale is an accomplished fact, and therefore the volume which is the reason for this review comes doubly welcome. It was planned and written before the negotiations as to the sale began, and was planned as one of a series of three which Dr. Westergaard intends to devote to the subject of the Danish West Indies. The present volume was to describe the beginnings of the colonies and their growth and varying fortunes up to 1755. But in view

*The Danish West Indies. By Waldemar Westergaard. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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of the transfer to the United States the author has added a supplementary chapter dealing with the negotiations, and giving a statistical summary of the development of the islands up to the present time. It is this development which he will elaborate in detail in the further two volumes planned.

Dr. Westergaard's work is so well done that it has gone far beyond the original scheme of a history of the Danish Colonies on the Western Hemisphere. It gives us, in its wealth of authenticated detail, in the personal intimate and very "alive" style of the narrative, a glimpse of the beginnings and early days of colonial history generally in the West Indies, and will prove a reference book of inestimable value for many a student, many a writer and many an intelligent voyager in a district which is ever becoming of greater importance to the home-land of the United States.

Dr. Westergaard himself, an American of Danish descent, and Assistant Professor of History at Pomona College, California, brings every element of knowledge, scientific training and personal sympathy necessary to the task he has set himself. And furthermore, he evidently possesses literary ability sufficient to remove his book from the class of dry reference works for library shelves, and to put it into a class of books that are not only commended, but really read.

The Danish West Indies Colony was not a Crown Colony. The islands, first St. Thomas, then St. John, then St. Croix, were taken for development by one of those Chartered Trading Companies that are of such immense importance in the history of modern civilisation, in that they have proved the most effective means, in many cases, of opening up new territory to production and commerce. Dr. Westergaard uses this fact as an excuse for his book. As there have been so few, if indeed any, authentic and at the same time concise and convenient histories of these companies, he hopes his story of one of them will justify its own existence. In his own words:

> If the importance of the history of the Danish Islands in the West Indies is to be judged by the extent of the interests involved, or is to be measured by the actual influence of the islands upon the history of the Caribbean or on the state of Denmark-Norway, the propriety of devoting an entire volume to them might well be questioned. But if a rather detailed study will disclose the rise of a fairly typical plantation society, if it will show on a small scale the sort of thing that took place in the West Indian Lands in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries on a large scale, such as the rise of the sugar industry and the slave trade, the effort need require no apology. For the islands reflected very distinctly the economic solidarity of the West Indian community at a time when it was looked upon as one of the main sources of the world's wealth.

The troublous times that came to the young colony, the clash of personalities, personal intrigues and ambitions, with the slow growth of a population coming to feel this solidarity of interest with the surrounding islands as against exploiting interests at home, are described against the colourful and equally troublous background of European history during the years from 1671 to 1755. The reflex, in those far-off lands, of political changes in Europe, mingling with the daily hardships of pioneer life complicated by climate and the dangers of slave labour, must indeed have freed the colonists from one trouble—monotony. And yet somehow we sense in it all the sameness, amid dangers and hardships, of the individual existence, and get a realisation of how after all civilisation has been built up on myriads of these individual lives with their petty cares and worries.

All of which may be interpreted to mean that Dr. Westergaard has performed a difficult task exceedingly well, and has given us a work of serious and lasting value by his ability to reach out through a subject which may seem small

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in itself, to the larger relations of which it was a part.

The bibliography affixed to this first volume is of unusual value from the comments attached to each source of reference quoted. These comments will guide the student who wishes to consult first sources, to those which are of value to him, without further loss of time.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

Enos A. Mills's "Your National Parks"*

After spending many strenuous summers in roaming over most of our National Parks and those of Canada, I read with pleasure Enos Mills's interesting descriptions of his outdoor life amid their charms. He gives us the history of each park with a description of many of the most notable scenic features, while, in the appendix we find a practical guide showing in detail the routes and expense of visiting the National Parks and Monuments.

There is still a curious public indifference in regard to our western regions of beauty and wonder. In the early days it took many expeditions to the Yellowstone to convince people of the wonders claimed for it by explorers. The creation of almost every national park has required the long continued effort of men of vision and courage. Even properly to preserve them in the present day is often a task in which one may find himself inadequately supported. Unquestionably John Muir laid down his life in his great effort to protect the Hetch Hetchy for future generations, and we owe the creation of the Rocky Mountain National Park to Mr. Mills's untiring enthusiasm. Far too often, when it is proposed to set aside a new region of forests and of mountains for the whole nation, do we find private interests insidiously opposing the public good. Even when it is desired to enlarge a park by including an adjacent region of equal or even greater scenic importance, the few enthusiasts who know and who care often encounter a delay of years on the part of our legislators. Little wonder that Mr. Mills calls on the youth of the land to visit our mountain regions and to offer their trained services for the creation, development and preservation of what is "likely to prove the richest, noblest heritage of the nation." He quotes in substance Whittier's advice to a young man seeking the way of success in life,—Attach yourself to a noble and neglected cause and stay with it until you win.

One of the essential elements of education is real acquaintance with God's creation, for this book learning is never a substitute. Only sympathetic and joyous communion with flower and tree, with bird and animal, and with the eternal mountains can supply an infinite need of the soul. In more ways than one our national parks are reforming man. One of these coming changes that I see is in our attitude toward animals. For the deepest reasons all killing for sport will eventually become obsolete. Mills remarks that, "None of the big animals in the United States are ferocious. In parks it is men, not animals, who are on their good behaviour." Real acquaintance with Nature removes all fear and superstition. Exploration and enjoyment of the mountains were long retarded by the belief that they were inhabited by monsters and demons, and Mills refers to what he calls a "most unfortunate superstition, commonly believed, that altitude is harmful! Yet it has a thousand benefits for the visitor."

Mr. Mills is at his best in his description of the forest, for he loves and understands the trees as few are willing to do in this day of haste and neglect of true values. In a most poetical chapter on "The Spirit of the Forest," he exclaims, "How happily trees have mingled with our lives! . . . The trees are friends of mankind. . . . Trees have trials. They know what it is to struggle and grow strong. With hardship they build history, adventure,

*Your National Parks. By Enos A. Mills. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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pathos, and poetry. Every tree has a life full of incident." Possibly the tree that Mills loves most of all is the hemlock, steadfast of purpose, yet yearning in appeal, offering warm shelter alike to storm-driven man and to the people of the forest. Never is he more at home among the trees than on the mountains at ten or eleven thousand feet where the last outposts of the forest live in perpetual struggle with the winds and the storms. Diminutive and stunted of form but indomitable in courage they sometimes overcome the utmost difficulties of existence for centuries. Likewise the flowers at these altitudes, and on peaks of over fourteen thousand feet in the Rocky Mountains, are almost without stem and of unbelievable smallness. "Think of blue-bells perfectly formed and coloured and yet so fascinatingly small and dainty that a half-dozen could be sheltered in the upper half of a thimble!"

The soul of Nature in its contribution to man is beautifully expressed as Mills exclaims, "One touch of forest nature makes the whole world kin. A tree is the flag of Nature, and forests give a universal feeling of goodwill. . . . Some time an immortal pine may be the flag of a united and peaceful world."

LeRoy Jeffers.

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READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Biography

Jean Jaurés, Socialist and Humanitarian. By Margaret Pease. With an introduction by J. Ramsay Macdonald. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.00.

Six chapters of appreciative study which do not aim to be exhaustive in treatment.

Hugo Grotius, the Father of the Modern Science of International Law. By Hamilton Vreeland, Jr. New York: Oxford University Press.

A biography in twelve chapters, discussing the jurist's life and work, not only as statesman and diplomatist, but as theologian, poet and historian.

A Naturalist of Souls. By Gamaliel Bradford. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $2.50.

An exposition of a new method of biography, the art of psychography, as it has developed during the author's work of the last twenty years; and an illustration of its progress with specimen portraits of Dumas, Trollope, Ovid, and others.

William II. By S. C. Hammer. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.

Nineteen chapters—a discussion of the character and career of the German Emperor, judged on evidence of his own speeches and on writings of German contemporaries.

Goethe. By Calvin Thomas. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $2.00.

An attempt to portray the larger aspects of the poet's mind, and art, and life-work: in two parts—biography, and studies and appreciations.

The Life of Lyof N. Tolstoi. By Nathan Haskell Dole. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 75 cents.

The biography of the Count, in five parts, with appendix.

Domestic Science

Practical Food Economy. By Alice Gitchell Kirk. New York: Little, Brown & Company. $1.25.

An untechnical presentation of practical truths on economy in foods, balanced menus, and directions for buying, preparing and cooking without waste.

Cakes, Pastry and Dessert Dishes. By Janet M. Hill. New York: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A book of recipes in nine chapters.

Drama

Plots and Playwrights. By Edward Massey. New York: Little, Brown & Company. $1.00.

A burlesque of a crook play, in which the characters of three episodes, that take place on different floors of an Eleventh Street lodging-house, take part.

Essays

The Young Idea. Compiled with an introductory and concluding essay by Lloyd R. Morris. New York: Duffield & Company.

An anthology of opinion on the aims and tendencies of the American literature of to-day and to-morrow: the Empiricists, as John Erskine; the Romanticists, as John Gould Fletcher; the Idealists, as Joyce Kilmer; the Pessimists, as John Curtis Underwood; the Traditionalists, as Thomas Walsh.

Take It. By George Matthew Adams. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.00.

Suggestions, in the form of short essays, as to your right in the world and the great things that are in it.

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Enchanted Cigarettes, or Stevenson Stories That Might Have Been. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. 50 cents.

Read before the Stevenson Society at its first annual meeting at Saranac Lake, New York, October 28, 1916; and illustrations, reproduced by courtesy of this society, from eighteen wood engravings made by Stevenson himself.

Fiction

The Soul of a Nation. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company. Frontispiece. $1.50.

A novel showing the effect of the Great War on that bulwark of society, the Church.

The Lookout Man. By B. M. Bower. New York: Little, Brown & Company. $1.35.

A California story of a man who, after a boyish escapade, lives the life of a recluse on the mountain top.

Mrs. Hope's Husband. By Gelett Burgess. New York: The Century Company. $1.00.

A comedy dealing with the question: "Is a second love affair possible between married lovers?"

The Other Brown. By Adele Luehrmann. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.35.

A mystery story of a dual personality.

The Friends. By Stacy Aumonier. New York: The Century Company. Frontispiece. $1.00.

The title story—originally published in *The Century Magazine*—and two other short stories.

The Conversion of Hamilton Wheeler. By Prescott Locke. Bloomington, Illinois: The Pandect Publishing Company.

A voluntary contribution to the National Mental Hygiene Movement; a novelette of religion and love introducing studies in religious psychology and pathology.

Four Days. The story of a War Marriage. By Hetty Hemenway. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Frontispiece. 50 cents.

A story, first appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, of how England's manhood went to the ordeal.

The Wages of Virtue. By Captain Percival C. Wren. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.50.

A novel of the Foreign Legion.

Sunny Slopes. By Ethel Hueston. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. $1.40.

A story of one woman's fight for her husband's life, and of another's struggle to keep from acquiring a lord and master.

Kenny. By Leona Dalrymple. Chicago: Reilly & Britton. Illustrated. $1.35.

The story of an Irish artist's self-sacrifice.

Understood Betsy. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Illustrated. $1.30.

The experiences of a sickly little girl in the first year of her development on a Vermont farm.

Beyond. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

The story of a woman's early unhappy marriage and later love.

Day and Night. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50.

A new collection of fifteen stories of a mystical character.

Carmen's Messenger. By Harold Bindloss. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Frontispiece. $1.35.

A story of a little wilderness town in the Canadian Northwest, in which two romances are interwoven.

Anne's House of Dreams. By L. M. Montgomery. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Frontispiece. $1.40.

A further record of the heroine's married life in her house in "Four Winds Harbour."

Amarilly in Love. Belle K. Miniates. New York: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrations by William Van Dresser. $1.25.

A chronicle of the later adventures of the Jenkins family.

The Candid Courtship. By Madge Mears. New York: John Lane Company. $1.40.

A feminist love story laid in a Highgate boarding-house.

Winning His Army Blue, or The Honor Graduate. By Norman Brainerd. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

The story of how an athlete in a mili-

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tary boarding-school won his first laurels on the road to a commission in the United States army.

The Broken Gate. By Emerson Hough. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A story of broken social conventions, of a woman's determination to put the past behind her and to live above the criticism she meets everywhere, for the son she adores.

My Wife. By Edward Burke. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50.

A humourist's treatment of the modern conventional family life in burlesque, exhibiting the foibles and affectations of the "lord and master."

His Dear Unintended. By J. Breckenridge Ellis. New York: The Macaulay Company. $1.35.

A whimsical story of a young girl who creates a sensation in a Middle Western village.

The Golden Triangle. By Maurice Leblanc. New York: The Macaulay Company. Frontispiece. $1.35.

Another of the author's detective stories, in which Arsène Lupin serves his country in the war crisis in France.

Closed Lips. By George Vane (Visconde de Sarmento). New York: John Lane Company. $1.40.

An English story of an unhappy marriage and an unfortunate love affair.

Miss Haroun Al-Raschid. By Jessie Douglas Kerruish. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

A picturesque Oriental novel whose narrator is the moving spirit in this story of Asiatic Turkey.

The Vendor of Dreams. By Julia H. Coffin. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrations in colour and decorations. $1.50.

An allegory of an old man who vends his cargo of tales and incidents to passersby.

The Grim Thirteen. Edited by Frederick Stuart Greene. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.50.

A collection of thirteen stories, printed for the first time, each by an author of prominence and each rejected with praise by at least one first-class magazine; with introduction by Edward J. O'Brien.

Patty Blossom. Fifteenth of the "Patty Books." By Carolyn Wells. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrations. $1.25.

A story for girls, in which the heroine, a coquette, makes up her mind.

Sarah Ann. By Mabel Nelson Thurston. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

The Christmas story of a little slum mother, aged ten.

Green Fancy. By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Frontispiece in colour. $1.50.

The story of the romantic adventures of a New York engineer and clubman on a six-weeks' jaunt through New England —in which figure a conspirator in international affairs, an Irish adventurer, and a countess.

The Shelleys of Georgia. By Beatrice York Houghton. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.35.

A love story of the South.

Christine, a Fife Fisher Girl. By Amelia E. Barr. New York: D Appleton & Company. Frontispiece. $1.50.

The romance of a fisherman's daughter who decides between two lovers,—a young fisherman and a young lord of the manor near by.

Roderick Hudson. By Henry James. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00.

Revised and in part rewritten since its first publication in 1875.

Cousin Julia. By Grace Hodgson Flandrau. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.40.

A story of American family life, in which the wife of a Middle Western business man has social ambitions for two marriageable daughters with wills of their own.

Alexis. By Stuart Maclean. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.50.

A romance of the world of music: what music, love, and friendship of a man did for a gifted boy of alien parents.

The Youth Plupy, or The Lad with the Downy Chin. By Henry A. Shute. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.35.

A sequel to *The Real Diary of a Real Boy*, describing the vicissitudes of a boy during the awkward period.

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The Triumph. By Will N. Harben. New York: Harper & Brothers. Frontispiece. $1.40.

A story of loyalty—the struggle of the South during and after the Civil War.

Wings of the Cardinal. By Bertha Crowell. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.35.

A story shifting from Texas to New York, and dealing with a woman's sacrifice and attainment, through discipline, to love and happiness.

The Spanish Chest. By Edna A. Brown. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.35.

A story of the Island of Jersey, involving ruined castles, caves, a secret stair, and a ghost.

The Quest of Ledgar Dunstan. By Alfred Tresidder Sheppard. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.50.

The picture of a man in quest of himself: his marriage, and his loss of his wife to another man through his own weakness.

Treasure and Trouble Therewith. By Geraldine Bonner. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A story of love, youth and adventure, beginning with a stage hold-up and comprising the experience of a social pirate.

The Secret Witness. By George Gibbs. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A European war novel—a romance centring about the series of events preceding the assassination of the Archduke and Archduchess.

Schoolgirl Allies. By Rebecca Middleton Samson. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.35.

A story for girls, told by one of two American sisters in an aristocratic finishing school in Brussels.

Dave Porter's Great Search, or The Perils of a Young Civil Engineer. Thirteenth volume of the "Dave Porter Series." By Edward Stratemeyer. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

A search for two abducted girls carried on by two young civil engineers of Montana.

Off With the Old Love. By Guy Fleming. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. $1.50.

An English story of literary adventure and the war.

Salt of the Earth. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. New York: W. J. Watt & Company. $1.40.

A novel of realism in its war experience and interpretation of the military caste of Germany.

A Son of the Middle Border. By Hamlin Garland. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens. $1.60.

The story of a typical American pioneer family on the Western frontier in the generation following the Civil War.

Scandal. By Cosmo Hamilton. New York: Little, Brown & Company. Frontispiece. $1.50.

The story of how a man "played up" to save a girl from scandal.

The Flag. By Homer Greene. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Company. $1.25.

A patriotic story of a schoolboy's desecration of the Stars and Stripes and of his atonement.

General Literature

William Dean Howells. By Alexander Harvey. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.50.

A study of the achievement of a literary artist: in sixteen chapters, some of which are, "The Howells Philosophy of Woman," "The 'Sissy' School of Literature," "A Study in Subtlety."

Epics and Romances of the Middle Ages. By Dr. W. Wagner. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $2.00.

The great epic cycles of the Middle Ages in simple narrative form—the Amelungs, the Nibelungs, the Grail Legends, and others, both Scandinavian and Teutonic.

Asgard and the Gods. By Dr. W. Wagner. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $2.00.

A popular account of the religious beliefs, superstitions, and ancient customs of the old Northmen.

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Juvenile

The Adventures of Puss in Boots, Jr. Twilight Tales. By David Cory. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. 50 cents.

A story for children in which the hero falls in with many of the characters with whose stories all boys and girls are familiar.

Further Adventures of Puss in Boots. Twilight Tales. By David Cory. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. 50 cents.

A companion volume to *The Adventures of Puss in Boots, Jr.*

The Treasure of the Land. How Alice Won Her Way. By Garrard Harris. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.25.

A story of success gained from the land by a girl and a boy.

Children's Stories and How to Tell Them. J. Berg Esenwein and Marietta Stockard. Springfield, Massachusetts: The Home Correspondence School. $1.50.

A complete manual for story-tellers, with fifty stories to tell to children.

When I Was a Girl in Holland. By Cornelia De Groot. Ninth of "Children of Other Lands Books." Illustrated from photographs. 75 cents.

A picture, from the author's experience, of a country in which children are trained to usefulness.

The Village Pest. A Story of David. By Montgomery Rollins. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.35.

A story of a boy's experiences in Washington as the son of a Senator thirty-odd years ago.

Little Billy 'Coon. By Elizabeth Hays Wilkinson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated by J. Woodman Thompson. $1.00.

A raccoon story for children, in ten chapters.

Plucky Little Patsy. The new "Brick House Book." By Nina Rhoades. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.00.

A story of a little girl who left a New York flat for an English manor-house.

Miscellaneous

More Power to You. Bruce Barton. New York: The Century Company. $1.00.

Advice to young men and women, on business as the greatest force for righteousness, by the editor of *Every Week*.

The United States Post Office. By Daniel C. Roper. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A historical and sociological study of the inception, growth, and present dimensions of the Post Office system of this country, in thirty chapters.

Flower Lore and Legend. By Katherine M. Beals. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.25.

A fanciful treatment of thirty-five different flowers.

Health First. The Fine Art of Living. By Henry Dwight Chapin, M.D. New York: The Century Company.

An untechnical book in twelve chapters, by a professor in the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital.

My Log. By Robert Barrie. Philadelphia: The Franklin Press. With sixty-seven illustrations. $2.00.

Ten chapters of reminiscences of a man who knew old New York, Paris, Japan, and artists, actors, and financiers.

Religion

The Missionary Education of Juniors. By J. Gertrude Hutton. New York: Missionary Education Movement of the United States and Canada.

In nine chapters: a handbook for leaders.

Poetry

The Shadowed Hour. By John Erskine. New York: The Lyric Publishing Company. 75 cents.

A collection of four poems, three of which are reprinted from magazines.

Factories. By Margaret Widdemer. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.25.

A new edition, with changes in the original text, and a number of new poems.

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Portraits and Protests. By Sarah N. Cleghorn. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.25.

Twelve "Portraits," fourteen "Of Country Places and the Simple Heart," ten "Of Time and Immortality," fourteen "Protests."

In Greek Seas, and Other Poems of Travel. By Oswald H. Hardy. New York: John Lane Company. With two illustrations.

A collection of seventeen poems, two of which have been reprinted.

The Poems of Brian Brooke. (Korongo) With a foreword by M. P. Willcocks. New York: John Lane Company. Nine illustrations. $1.25.

A collection of thirty-four poems, most of which are reprinted from *The Leader* of South Africa.

California and Other Verse. By Howard L. Terry. Santa Monica, California: The Palisades Press.

A small volume of thirty poems, with a short prose sketch, "Joaquin Miller as I Saw Him."

Songs of Hope. By Harold Speakman. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Decorations by the author. 75 cents.

Ten poems with the theme of courage; some previously appearing in periodicals.

The Newark Anniversary Poems. The Committee of One Hundred. New York: Laurence J. Gomme.

Winners in the poetry competition, with introductory chapters and a plan for a national anthology of American poetry, by Henry Wellington Wack, Editor of the *Newarker*.

Politics

Japan in World Politics. K. K. Kawakami. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

An investigation of the friendship of America for Japan: and a consideration of their mutual interests in agreement.

Science

The Sense of Sight. By Frank N. Spindler, Ph.D. Our Senses and What They Mean to Us. Edited by Professor George Van Ness Dearborn. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. $1.25.

An effort to tell the story of Vision untechnically and yet with a basis of scientific facts and theories.

Pain and Pleasure. By Henry T. Moore, Ph.D. Our Senses and What They Mean to Us. Edited by Professor George Van Ness Dearborn. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. $1.25.

An attempt to explain, untechnically, pleasure and pain as motives of behaviour.

Sociology

The Youth and the Nation. By Harry H. Moore. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

An attempt to arouse wholesome interest in young men concerning the modern social evils, and to suggest vocational opportunities in the warfare against them.

Mankind. Racial Values and the Racial Prospect. By Seth K. Humphrey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

An untechnical study, based upon the accepted principles of the action of heredity and environment, and bearing upon questions of the day; a study of racial values as they affect civilisation and human progress according to their relation and combination.

Professionalism and Originality. By F. H. Hayward, D.Litt., B.Sc. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company. $1.75.

An attempt to ascertain and tabulate the signs or stigmata of the "professional" man and of the "original" man, with various suggestions bearing on professional and national efficiency appended, and with some suggestions for national reconstruction.

Travel

A Vagabond's Odyssey. By A. Safroni-Middleton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. With sixteen illustrations from photographs. $2.50.

In twenty-seven chapters: the pleasant adventures, told in first person, of two travellers who worked their way around the world.

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War

Machine Gun Practice and Tactics. By Lieut. K. B. McKellar, Canadian Machine Gun Service. New York: The Macmillan Company. 90 cents.

For officers, N. C. O.'s and Men: methods of organisation of machine gun units and the sequence of training set forth by a man who has been at the front the last three years instructing men for active service in the present war.

Faith, War, and Policy. By Gilbert Murray. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25.

A collection of thirteen essays and addresses on the European war.

The House of Hohenzollern and the Hapsburg Monarchy. By Gustav Pollak. New York: The New York Evening Post Company.

Seven papers originally published by the New York Evening Post Company.

The National Budget System and American Finance. By Charles Wallace Collins. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

An explanation of what the budget system is and what it implies: for the information of the average citizen.

My War Diary. By Mary King Waddington. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

Impressions of the war in its more intimate aspects—a chronicle of personal incidents.

On the Right of the British Line. By Captain Gilbert Nobbs, L.R.B. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

A first-hand account of a captain's life on the firing-line, and his subsequent experience as prisoner of war.

The Red Badge of Courage. By Stephen Crane. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.00.

An episode of the American Civil War; new edition with portrait and preface.

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THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of August and the first of September:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City	Christine	Salt of the Earth
Albany, N. Y	Martie, the Unconquered	The Red Planet
Atlanta, Ga	The Red Planet	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Boston, Mass	The Definite Object	Summer
Boston, Mass	The Red Planet	Summer
Baltimore, Md	Christine	His Family
Chicago, Ill	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Summer
Cincinnati, Ohio	Martie, the Unconquered	The Road to Understanding
Cleveland, Ohio	The Red Planet	The Hundredth Chance
Dallas, Texas	The Long Lane's Turning	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Denver, Colo	The Red Planet	His Family
Des Moines, Ia	The Road to Understanding	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Detroit, Mich	The Light in the Clearing	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Detroit, Mich	Changing Winds	Bab: A Sub-Deb
Houston, Tex	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Summer
Indianapolis, Ind	The Red Planet	Summer
Kansas City, Mo	The Red Planet	The Definite Object
Louisville, Ky	Martie, the Unconquered	Anne's House of Dreams
Milwaukee, Wis	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Bab: A Sub-Deb
New Haven, Conn	Christine	Salt of the Earth
New Orleans, La	The Red Planet	Summer
Norfolk, Va	The Definite Object	Anne's House of Dreams
Philadelphia, Pa	Paradise Auction	The Red Planet
Pittsburgh, Pa	Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Red Planet
Portland, Ore	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Light in the Clearing
Providence, R. I	His Family	Mistress Anne
Rochester, N. Y	The Red Planet	The Light in the Clearing
San Antonio, Tex	The Red Planet	Christine
San Francisco, Cal	The Red Planet	Summer
Spokane, Wash	The Light in the Clearing	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
St. Paul, Minn	The Red Planet	Summer
St. Louis, Mo	The Hundredth Chance	The Definite Object
St. Louis, Mo	The Son of Tarzan	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Tacoma, Wash	The Light in the Clearing	The Dark Star
Toledo, Ohio	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Summer
Utica, N. Y	The Definite Object	The Light in the Clearing
Waco, Tex	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness
Washington, D. C	The Dark Star	The Red Planet
Worcester, Mass	The Red Planet	His Family

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
The Red Planet	Beyond	Martie, the Unconquered	His Family
Sunny Slopes	*The Lookout Man*	*Carmen's Messenger*	*Where Your Treasure Is*
Summer	Christine	Martie, the Unconquered	Out of a Clear Sky
The Red Planet	The Cinema Murder	Slippy McGee	A Diversity of Creatures
Understood Betsy	Martie, the Unconquered	Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Light in the Clearing
The Definite Object	Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Road to Ambition	Cinderella Jane
The Red Planet	*Bab: A Sub-Deb*	*His Family*	*The Secret of the Storm Country*
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Changing Winds	The Definite Object	The Secret of the Storm Country
Martie, the Unconquered	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Beyond	The Definite Object
Martie, the Unconquered	His Family	The Lifted Veil	The Definite Object
Road to Understanding	Mistress Anne	The Light in the Clearing	The Yukon Trail
The Red Planet	Martie, the Unconquered	Sunny Slopes	The Light in the Clearing
The Red Planet	Mistress Anne	Beyond	The Long Lane's Turning
His Family	The Definite Object	The Red Planet	Summer
The Straight Road	Road to Understanding	The Light in the Clearing	Undertow
Martie, the Unconquered	Christine	Understood Betsy	Bab: A Sub-Deb
His Family	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Summer
Bromley Neighborhood	The Dark Star	The Definite Object	Beyond
The Light in the Clearing	The Red Planet	The Broken Gate	The Long Lane's Turning
A Son of the Middle Border	*Martie, the Unconquered*	*Anne's House of Dreams*	*The Red Planet*
Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Definite Object	Mistress Anne	The Worn Doorstep
Martie, the Unconquered	The Light in the Clearing	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
The Definite Object	The Hundredth Chance	Lydia of the Pines	The Light in the Clearing
His Family	The Light in the Clearing	The Hundredth Chance	The Definite Object
Jerry of the Islands	The Definite Object	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Wildfire
Cap'n Abe, Storekeeper	The American Ambassador	Bromley Neighborhood	Beyond
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Salt of the Earth	Christine	Bab: A Sub-Deb
The Yukon Trail	The Triflers	The Dark Star	Susan Lenox
Changing Winds	Anne's House of Dreams	Martie, the Unconquered	Road to Understanding
Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Red Planet	The Definite Object	Wildfire
The Light in the Clearing	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Christine	A Diversity of Creatures
The Secret of the Storm Country	Cinderella Jane	His Own Country	In the Wilderness
The Light in the Clearing	Changing Winds	The Treloars	The Definite Object
Bab: A Sub-Deb	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	His Family	Bab: A Sub-Deb
The Light in the Clearing	Bromley Neighborhood	Cap'n Abe, Storekeeper	His Own Country
Martie, the Unconquered	Christine	His Family	Road to Understanding
Road to Understanding	I, Mary MacLane	Summer	Martie, the Unconquered
Bromley Neighborhood	Bab: A Sub-Deb	His Family	The Dark Forest
Mistress Anne	Martie, the Unconquered	The Light in the Clearing	Summer

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BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

The Plattsburg Manual. O. O. Ellis and E. B. Garey.
Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. R. W. Service.
God the Invisible King. H. G. Wells.
A Student in Arms. D. W. A. Hankey.
Over the Top. Arthur Guy Empey.
The Land of Deepening Shadow. Thomas Curtin.
Laugh and Live. Douglas Fairbanks.
The Living Present. Gertrude Atherton.
Carry On. Coningsby Dawson.
Why We Are at War. Woodrow Wilson.
The Battle of the Somme. Philip Gibbs.
The Rebirth of Russia. Isaac F. Marcosson.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 222 and 223) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on	any	list	receives	10
" " "	2d	"	"	"	"	8
" " "	3d	"	"	"	"	7
" " "	4th	"	"	"	"	6
" " "	5th	"	"	"	"	5
" " "	6th	"	"	"	"	4

1. The Red Planet. Locke. (John Lane.) $1.50 208
2. Mr. Britling Sees It Through. Wells. (Macmillan.) $1.50 133
3. The Light in the Clearing. Bacheller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50 121
4. Bab: A Sub-Deb. Rinehart. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50 114
5. The Definite Object. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.50 109
6. Martie, the Unconquered. Norris. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50 98

A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

Anne's House of Dreams. Lucy M. Montgomery.
The American Ambassador. L. Byrne.
Bab: A Sub-Deb. Mary R. Rinehart.
Beyond. John Galsworthy.
Bromley Neighborhood. Alice Brown.
The Broken Gate. Emerson Hough.
Cap'n Abe, Storekeeper. James A. Cooper.
Carmen's Messenger. Harold Bindloss.
Carry On. Coningsby Dawson.
Cecilia of the Pink Roses. K. H. Taylor.
Changing Winds. St. John G. Ervine.
The Chosen People. Sidney L. Nyburg.
Christine. Alice Cholmondeley.
Cinderella Jane. Marjorie Benton Cooke.
The Cinema Murder. E. Phillips Oppenheim.
Come Out of the Kitchen! Alice D. Miller.
The Dark Forest. Hugh Walpole.
The Dark Star. Robert W. Chambers.
The Definite Object. Jeffery Farnol.
A Diversity of Creatures. Rudyard Kipling.
Enchantment. E. Temple Thurston.
God the Invisible King. H. G. Wells.
Germany, the Next Republic? Carl R. Ackerman.
Greenmantle. John Buchan.
The Hand of Fu Manchu. Sax Rohmer.
His Family. Ernest Poole.
The Hundredth Chance. Ethel M. Dell.
I, Mary MacLane. Mary MacLane.
In the Wilderness. Robert Hichens.
Jerry of the Islands. Jack London.
The Land of Deepening Shadow. Thomas D. Curtin.
Laugh and Live. Douglas Fairbanks.
The Lifted Veil. Basil King.
The Light in the Clearing. Irving Bacheller.
The Lookout Man. B. M. Bower.
The Long Lane's Turning. Hallie Erminie Rives.
The Living Present. Gertrude Atherton.
Lydia of the Pines. Honoré Willsie.
Mistress Anne. Temple Bailey.
Mr. Britling Sees It Through. H. G. Wells.
O, Mary, Be Careful! George Weston.
Over the Top. Arthur Guy Empey.
Out of a Clear Sky. Maria T. Daviess.
The Plattsburg Manual. Ellis and Garey.
The Red Planet. William J. Locke.
Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. R. W. Service.
The Road to Ambition. Elaine Sterne.
The Road to Understanding. E. H. Porter.
The Secret of the Storm Country. Grace M. White.
The Straight Road. Anonymous.
Slippy McGee. Marie C. Oemler.
Salt of the Earth. Cecily U. Sidgwick.
A Son of the Middle Border. Hamlin Garland.
A Student in Arms. D. W. A. Hankey.
Summer. Edith Wharton.
Sunny Slopes. Ethel Hueston.
The Treloars. Mary Fisher.
Understood Betsey. Dorothy C. Fisher.
Where Your Treasure Is. Holman F. Day.
Wildfire. Zane Grey.
The Yukon Trail. W. MacLeod Raine.

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